THE LOVES OF SUNDRY PHILOSOPHERS And other Great Men.

Translated out of French.

SAVOY:

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NOVELS
OF
PHILOSOPHERS.

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THE LOVES OF Great Men.

SOLON.

LOve is a close and cunning Insinuator, and finds such hidden and secret ways of attempt, that no Wisdom or Austerity can b[illegible] secure; but whatever Maxims fortifie a Heart, there will still remain some weak and defenceless approaches, at which, he will force an entrance;

Solon, that famous *Athenian*, the most renowned of the *Seven Wisemen*, and the Law-giver of his Countrey, in vain sought amongst his Laborious Employs, a Sanctuary against Love: His continual cares for the Glory of *Athens*, his Commands in War, and his Studies in Peace, could not protect him from the assaults of this Passion. He derived his Pedigree from *Codrus*, one of the First Kings of *Attica:* The endowments of his Mind, corresponded well with so illustrious a *descent*, but Fortune contributed not to the support of its splendor.

Euphorion, Father to this *Hero*, had been so bountiful of his goods, where he observed them wanting, that he had scarce left sufficient for himself. *Solon* who would have used the same liberality, had he been in his Fathers place, would not now permit indigency to defraud him of the practise of it; he made his Industry his Exchequer, and seeking among strangers what he could no longer find at home, was so happy in his Voyages, and his Undertakings were all so successful, that he returned to *Athens* with a greater Revenue then his Father had consumed. Whatever *Philosophers* may think fit to

tell

tell us, Riches are the main Pillars and Arches of Credit and Authority. *Solon* was ſcarce taken notice of whilſt Fortune ſeemed to frown; he was raiſed to the higheſt charges in the Commonwealth, as ſoon as ſhe began to ſmile. There was now an obſtinate War between the *Athenians*, and the People of *Megara*, about the Iſland *Salamina*, both Cities pretended its dependance on them; the *Athenians* founded their right on Tradition; *Philæus* and *Euriſaces*, Sons of *Ajax*, being made Citizens of *Athens*, had given the Iſland of *Salamina* to that Commonwealth, in token of their acknowledgments. The *Megarians* were powerful in Men and Money: Power is often a valuable title, and *Salamina* inclined to them. The *Athenians* feared them, and believing it ſweeter to live voluptuouſly within their Walls, then to extend their Dominions at the expence of their Peace and Pleaſure, required that *Salamina* ſhould be left to the *Megarians*. *Piſiſtratus*, one of the richeſt Men amongſt them, encouraged them in his reſolution; he aſpired to the Soveraign Authority, and judged it would be eaſier to reduce to obedience, People

ſoftned by Pleaſures and Idleneſs, then Men grown warlike, and accuſtomed to fights.

This *Piſiſtratus* had many great Talents to make himſelf be beloved, He was young, handſome, and of a ſweet and flattering Spirit. *Plutarch* affirms, he wanted no recommendable quality, but that he could not confine himſelf to the condition of a private Citizen. The young men and populacy, ſupported all his deſigns; but *Solon* was ſupported by a power that never found any thing could reſiſt it: He had in his Travels ſojourned ſome time in *Salamina*, and there fell in love with *Orgina*, the Daughter of *Amphicles*, who then governed that Iſland; but there was a clauſe in the Laws of *Dracon* the firſt Lawgiver among the *Athenians*, forbidding any deſcended from the Royal Stock, to ally themſelves with any other but *Athenians*, or, at leaſt, People reputed to belong to *Attica*. *Salamina* muſt then be made one of the Members of *Athens*, to Authoriſe the Love of *Solon*. He ſummons all his credit to the relief of his Love, and if the faction of *Piſiſtratus* was more numerous, *Solons* had the more Authority.

I

It was concluded, *Salamina* should be reduced, and *Solon* was made General in the expedition. He was happy in his Succes, as to the concern of his glory.

The Island was subdued, the *Megarians* who endeavored to defend it, cut in pieces; but *Orgina*, the Charming *Orgina*, for whom the War was undertaken, could not be found in the surrendred City; her Father had conveyed her thence some days before he stood affected to the *Megarians* party, of which he had given too evident proofs. He feared the resentment of the Conquerors, and not judging his Strengths able to secure him by resistance, he had by the favor of a disguise, stole out of *Salamina*, with no greater a train then his Daughter, and a young Slave he loved.

All *Solons* Philosophy was now put to the test, to support him in this accident, it made him seem unsensible of the Honors of his Victory, and his secret Melancholly passing for Moderation; so charmed the *Athenians*, that they offered him the title of King; they told him, That the Glory to obey so great a Man, was preferrable to the Liberty they enjoyed. *Solon* accepted not their offer,

for besides that, he too well loved his Countrey to see it inslaved, he could not live without *Orgina*; he saw not glories enough in a Crown to fix his thoughts, whilst she was not there; and knowing likewise, how barren the allurements of greatness are, he made that Oration so memorable to Posterity, wherein, after having by a thousand thanks testified his acknowledgments to the People of *Athens* for their good will, he made it evident he should declare himself unworthy of the offer, if he should accept of the effect.

I *Cannot suffer* (said he) *an Appeal from the decrees of Nature, she is wiser then we; she brought me into the World, since you had shook off the yoke of Dominion, had she thought me fit to be your King, she would have produced me in a time when that title was in my Family, or have deduced that title to my Father. What ever* Libertines *may say or practise, there is I know not what incomprehensible intelligence that governs the World, and disposes every one in the sphere proper for him, in which, he that has sound sence should content himself. I am satisfied with the condition in which I am born, and*

shall

shall endeavor to die in it: For when the pomp and lustre of Supream Dignity solicite my Ambition, do I not muster up all those Glories in refusing them: I am above the highest degree, whilst it is submitted to my choice; and I have all the Rights of Authority, whilst I am assured of your Obedience. The Submissions of the People consist more in their Will, then Actions; whilst you will obey me, and I need onely command, I have all the advantages of Power, and onely spare myself the disgusts, and troubles of it.

This Magnanimity of *Solon* gained him an Authority among the *Athenians*, not at all inferior to the title he had refused, they obeyed his Orders like the voice of an Oracle. *Pisistratus* beheld his glory with envy, and as obstructive to his ambitious designs; but it being a principal Policy of his to win the *Athenians* by applause, he was one of the first to give *Solon* joy for the greatness of his actions; he exhibited shows to the People as a token of his congratulation, and made a magnificent Feast, where he exposed to view all his riches; a vanity usual among the Ancients, and which made up an essential part of the Treat. There was to

be ſeen at this of *Piſiſtratus*, Veſſels of Gold of an exceſſive weight, very rich moveables, and Stones of great price; among which, *Solon* obſerved a Carbuncle of ſingular Beauty, which he knew to be the ſame he had given to *Orgina* at his departure from *Salamina*. The ſight of it moved him to the Soul, he asked *Piſiſtratus* where he got that Carbuncle; *Piſiſtratus* ſmiled, and replied, It was a Myſtery he could not explain before ſo many Witneſſes. This anſwer troubled *Solon* ſo much, that he could ſcarce diſſemble it, he was impatient till the company were gone, that he might clear himſelf of the perplexities of his mind, and pretending ſome private buſineſs to ſtay with *Piſiſtratus*, he asked him, *If he were one of thoſe Witneſſes, whom he thought unfit to hear the explanation of his myſtery.* *You of all the World*, replied *Piſiſtratus*; *the myſtery, in which I am concerned, is a Myſtery of Love; Judge then, Whether it ought to be truſted to a conformed Philoſopher whoſe Soul ſtands like a Rock againſt all the ſtorms of Paſſion, and who is continually preaching its impoſſibility. I am none of thoſe Philoſophers you ſpeak of*, ſaid *Solon*, interrupting him, *I reverence Wiſdom*

and

and would be truly wise, if I could; but this Wisdom consists not in a brutish fierceness: Those who describe her so, never knew her well; she was made for Man, and should be a sociable Vertue. How? replied *Pisistratus, If I tell you, that I am in love, and that this Carbuncle is given as a token of my Mistresses kindness; will not my Passion seem a weakness to you, or can you pardon my amour? It is possible,* replied *Solon,* whom this discourse troubled more and more, *I may; there are crimes carry their excuses with them. Love is indeed of it self a great extravagance, but there may be a Mistress so perfect, that that Love may become an effect of Reason.* *Pisistratus* had no love for *Solon,* and believed him as severe as he seemed to be; but it is hard for any lover to resist the occasion of speaking of what they love; and he was so extreamly delighted with the thoughts, that so famed a Wiseman approved his Passion, that he could not forbear crying out, *Then a thousand thanks to love, that hath made me become the most reasonable of all Men; for never was there Woman so perfect as* Orgina, *nor ever was the effect of that Reason made me love her; so powerful in any Breast as in mine.* That name of *Orgina*

put

put all the Philosophy of *Solon* to a stand. *Do you call your Mistress* Orgina, said he, interrupting him. *Yes*, replied *Pisistratus*, *that is the name of the person I adore: I have heard speak of her at* Salamina, said *Solon*. *She is indeed of that Island*, answered *Pisistratus*, *and Daughter to* Amphicles, *considerable both for her Birth and Degree; her Father having been always inclineable to the part of the* Megarians, *escaped out of* Salamina, *during the Siege, with intent to retire to* Megara; *but was met by an Officer of the* Athenian *Army, who seeing him, followed by his Daughter and a very fair young Slave, thought he might make considerable booty by seizing them, he kept his prey very close fearing some sharers; and returning to* Athens, *after the Army was dismissed, he sold me the prisoner, and his two fair attendants.* Had not *Solon* been accomptable to Posterity for the title of *Wiseman*, that Age had given him, he had ill-recompenced *Pisistratus* for the confidence wherewith he obliged him: But the quality of *Philosopher* is a heavy burden for those who undertake to bear it. He was forced to keep a guard upon his Sences, as upon his declared Enemies, and not daring to lift up his eyes on *Pisistratus*,

ſtratus, fearful leaſt his countenance ſhould betray him, he asked him in a doubtful and trembling key, *If he were as much beloved, as he loved.* *I cannot gueſs I am hated*, replied *Piſiſtratus*, with the briskneſs of a ſucceſsful Lover, *and you may judge it by the Carbuncle which hath been the occaſion of this converſe.* Orgina *gave it me, telling me withal, That it was the greateſt token of Love could be given by the Daughter of* Amphicles; *and that if I knew the ſecret contained in it, I would confeſs, that* Orgina *offered an obliging Sacrifice, when ſhe intruſted me with it.*

This Relation ſo much increaſed *Solon*'s trouble, that grown doubtful of his power to maſter it, he thought it beſt to leave *Piſiſtratus*, and ſeeming to ſatisfie himſelf by faintly telling him, That *Salamina* was become one of the Members of *Athens*, and that he ought not to treat as a Slave, a Virgin whom his Countrey had adopted, he bid him adieu, but in ſuch a diſorder, as was very ſlenderly agreeable to the reputation he had gained. Being come to his houſe, he found there *Thales*, ſirnamed the *Mileſian*, one of the moſt famous Wiſemen of *Greece*, and particular friend to our *Athenian*. The Inhabitants

habitants of the Island of *Coos* had sent him a Tripod of Gold, fished out of the Sea, near their Island, which was pretended to have been cast in there by *Helen*, in her return from *Troy*, and which by the Oracle of *Pythia* the Propheteſs, was deſtined to the wiſeſt Man of all *Greece*. The modeſt *Thales* not believing himſelf worthy that renown, reſigned it to *Solon*; and now came to prepare him to receive the preſent, intended to be made him next morning. *Alas*, cryed *Solon*, when he underſtood the occaſion of his Friends journey, *What a labyrinth is the Heart of Man. None, dear* Thales, *can find out its Mazes and Windings, thoſe who think a Philoſopher as perfect in the practiſe of Knowledge, as in his Precepts, would ſoon quit that Error, if the Eyes were as certainly the Windows of the Soul, as they are but the Mask. This Morality looks prettily from you,* replied *Thales, in the glorious occaſion that now courts you. I applaud my ſelf for the opinion I have conceived of your Wiſdom; and I obſerve with much ſatisfaction, it is not friendſhip hath prepoſſeſſed me in your favor. Accept the Tripod, dear* Solon, *for you onely are worthy to receive it, nor can any other poſſeſs it without uſurpation.*

Thales

Thales and *Solon* had contracted ſo ſtrict a friendſhip, there could be no Vail or Hypocriſie between them. *Solon* had diſcovered to the *Mileſian*, the birth of a Daughter which he had in his youth, whoſe horoſcope had told him, She ſhould be one day fatal to her Countreys Liberty. It was by *Thales* Counſel ſhe was ſecretly brought up in one of the Iſles of the *Ægean* Sea, without knowing either her birth, or the misfortune threatned her. This truſt injoyned a farther, which *Solon* could not refuſe, he diſcovered to his friend the true ſtate of his heart, and not hiding any circumſtances of his love, *Judge*, added he, *if I deſerve the myſterious Tripod, which the gods deſtined for the wiſeſt of Men, two or three violent Paſſions at once triumph over my Soul; I love* Orgina *as much as I can love, and I hate* Piſiſtratus *as much as I can hate. I am jealous and deſperate, and in the extravagancies of my fury, know not whether I ſhould not be tranſported to act the ſame violencies againſt what I love, as what I hate. Keep the Tripod, dear* Thales, *or make a preſent of it to ſome one that is wiſer then* Solon. *I know no one*, replied *Thales, that more appears ſo; your Laws ſeem to have been dictated by the gods, your converſation*

verſation is learned and inſtructive, you are externally calm and quiet, and have refuſed ſoveraign power, if you be not wiſe, who then is? Or, on what foundation ſhall we make judgments of Men; If it be true, that your Soul is the Whirligig of ſo many Paſſions, let us deplore, dear Solon, *the exceſs of humane frailty, which hath ſpred it ſelf into all Men equally, appearance onely making ſome difference between them. We can never teach true Wiſdom, we learn onely the Art of feigning* Anacharſis Byas, *you, and I, we are all ſubject to the ſame failings, and the gods can onely boaſt perfection.* Concluding therefore, that the Tripod ought to be conſecrated to ſome divinity, they ſent it to that Temple at *Thebes*, which the *Thebans* had lately built in honor of *Apollo*, ſirnamed the *Iſmenian*. *Solon* prevailed with *Thales* to ſtay ſome days longer in *Athens*, to aſſiſt him in his extremities with his wiſe Counſels. Whiles they were one day ſhut up together, and *Thales* diſwading his friends love by all the arguments his Philoſophy could furniſh him with, a Letter was brought to *Solon*, left by an unknown perſon at his Gate, who refuſed to ſtay for an anſwer. *Solon* opened it with a concern that

Thales

Thales obſerved, and he found theſe words.

I *Have obſerved you, as I thought concerned for me, and I have had a belief, that I often perceived in your eyes that paſſionate trouble, might well convince you loved; and yet* Solon, *you now come often into the place where I am, and paſs many hours without letting your love betray me to you. Are you yet* Solon? *Or can I forbear reproaching you with this calmneſs, without ceaſing to be the delicate*

ORGINA.

Solon burſt out into a cry of joy, at the reading of this Letter, and kiſſing with an extaſie the ſo beloved name of *Orgina*, put *Thales* into a ſtrange aſtoniſhment. *Is it poſſible*, ſaid he to *Solon, that that Wiſdom ſo famous in all* Greece, *and with which I believed, you ſo liberally ſupplied, ſhould ſink under ſo weak an aſſault. Pray, my dear* Thales, *ſaid* Solon, *embracing his friend, trouble not my joy by ſuch an unprofitable reflexion. It is no more the* Solon *celebrated through all* Greece *that now ſpeaks to you; it is a ſincere friend who ſhows himſelf unmasked to his friend. You would find*

all

all men different from what they appear, if you could see their hearts naked as I discover mine to you: And besides, my dear Friend, What do you call true Wisdom, if it be not the Art to make our selves happy? Can our felicity reside in any other thing? And is it not the impressions we seek of joy or grief, which create our pleasures, or our pains? Believe me Thales, *let Men think of us what they please, it is not their Opinion creates our happiness, it is the natural motions of our own Souls. In vain would all* Greece *believe you happy, if you believe it not your self, and others judgments of that happiness you found not, would but increase your misery and sorrow.* Ending these words, he hasted to *Pisistratus* House resolved to see *Orgina*, if he could possibly, but she was not there to be found. *Pisistratus* had surprised the Letter Carrier, as he came to return an account of his Commission; and though the seeming austerity of *Solon* might create a dead repose in his Rival, *Pisistratus* who was born suspitious, believing he could not be too watchful of a treasure he feared to lose, had carried away the young *Orgina* and her Slave, to a Countrey-house of his, two days journey from *Athens*. This news afflicted

Solon

Solon as much as can be imagined, he observed two or three circumstances equally vexatious, he would not for his life that his weakness should grow publick. The sudden departure of *Pisistratus*, and that just at the instant he received *Orgina*'s Letter, made him conjecture something of the truth; and if he were apprehensive of his glory, he was no less of his love; he saw his Mistress carried away, and in the power of a lover, whom he believed jealous, such a Man as *Solon* seldom fears without seeking a remedy; and People who are in power ever mix the greatest Interests with their own. He had begun the establishment of the *Areopagites*, a Counsel of great authority in *Athens*, and whose Decrees have made it since famous; he labored in the accomplishment of this Work, and declaring to the Assembly, that he had notice, that some *Athenians* held some of the Inhabitants of *Salamina* in a kind of slavery; he represented it as a thing ignoble, for *Athens* to permit, that people by her adopted should be reduced to servitude. This Remonstrance was thought just; a Decree was issued out against those which held any of the Inhabitants of *Salamina*, commanding their

releaſe in three days, on pain of death. *Piſiſtratus* being the onely Man aimed at in this Decree, *Solon* took care to give him the firſt notice.

In vain had they impoſed the Penalty of Death on the Diſobeyers, *Piſiſtratus* would have ſuffered a thouſand deaths, ere run the hazard of loſing *Orgina*, he ſecures himſelf with her in the Kingdom of *Argos*; and thoſe who had Commiſſion from the *Areopagites*, to make him give obedience to the Decree, found onely in his Houſe, the Slave of *Amphicles*. *Solon* grew even deſperate at this new misfortune. *See now*, ſaid he, *to* Thales, *how much all your boaſted Wiſdom contributes to our Happineſs, had it not been for that Reputation of wiſe Man, I ſo little deſerve, I would have forced my Miſtreſs out of my Rivals Arms; ſhe was mine before he knew her, her Letter aſſures me, I have loſt no right in her; and I have a power in* Athens, *to which, that of* Piſiſtratus *muſt have been conſtrained to yield: And yet becauſe I paſs for a wiſe Man, and muſt pay wondrous Caution to that Title, I am robbed of* Orgina, *and my rival peaceably poſſeſſes her.* He would needs ſee *Amphicles* his Slave, to draw from her ſome little ſatisfaction, ſhe was brought to him,

but

but, O Gods! What was his astonishment, when he knew her for the same *Orgina*, he believed to be in the Kingdom of *Argos* with *Pisistratus*; he wanted the charitable advice of his friend *Thales* to withhold him from proclaiming the secrets of his Soul to all the World. *We are not now alone* Solon, said the *Milesian* in his ear, *recal that Wisdom is ready to forsake you, and believe that* Solon *is too much obliged to the opinions the* Athenians *have conceived of him, thus at once by his weakness to convince them of Error. Solon* strove hard to recollect himself, and appear what he was thought, and receiving *Orgina* with that gravity, his heart approved not, he got rid of the company in the most unconcerned manner he could; but after he thought himself at liberty to return to himself, and love, and beheld, after having believed his *Orgina* lost, himself alone with her, What said he not? or, what did he not do? to pay his love those Rites Philosophy would have rob'd it of. The love of those who make Profession of Wisdom is much more ardent then that of ordinary Lovers; it is not dispelled by any exterior ceremony, but as it reserves it self inward and intire for

great occasions, so it ordinarily breaks forth to advantage. *I know*, said *Solon* to *Orgina*, Pisistratus *believed himself ascertained of your love; yet I know not whether he had reason to believe it.* *But* Orgina *I conjure you tell me he had none. I have so great a confidence in what you say, that your words should make me give my very eyes the lie, therefore tell me, nothing may make me less happy; for why should you declare your self guilty, when I will believe you innocent, if you will but say you are so. I thank you Sir for your confidence*, replied *Orgina*, *it is of all your qualities what I shall make the least use, a Mistress should not be believed but upon unreproachable testimony, and a Love so confiding, has a Face of Indifference; Believe me to be with* Pisistratus *in* Argos, *till such time as you are well assured that he mistakes my Fathers Slave for me, and that by the help of that disguise I am preserved wholly for* Solon. How cryed *Solon* in an extasie, *Is it your Slave then* Pisistratus *hath carried to* Argos, *and is it you he hath always thought the Slave of* Amphicles. *Yes Sir*, replied *Orgina*, *my Father made use of this precaution, the better to preserve me in the dangers of our flight; he believed he might more easily conceal me*

as a ſimple Slave, then as his Daughter; the perſon he choſe to ſupply my place, is young, handſome, and vertuous. Piſiſtratus *eaſily believed her what ſhe appeared, and I thought it a juſt debt to the merit of that fair Maid, not to hinder her Marriage with one of the cheifeſt Men of* Athens; *the adventure of the Carbuncle was innocently contrived to give you notice of the place where I was. But Sir, methinks you believe me very eaſily, the quiet and tranquility of your mind has gained head, ſince I have been out of your ſight, you are neither jealous nor ſuſpitious. Can one be a Lover indeed, without theſe qualities.* Solon relieved *Orgina* from the fears of theſe nice apprehenſions, by making to her proteſtations, never learn'd in the Schools of Wiſdom, and impatient to haſten the hour of his happineſs, by advancing the publication of thoſe Laws, might permit him to marry a *Salaminian*, he finiſhed that great and painful work: But to let *Orgina* ſee, that he dedicated not himſelf ſo abſolutely to the ſervice of the State, but he ſtill reſerved his Heart to his Love; the ſame day that he engraved his ſerious Laws and Policies on thoſe Tables, whereon they were to be preſented to the People,

he made particular ones for his Mistress; of which, see here some Articles.

The Laws of Love.

1.

Who would a perfect Lovers title gain
Must bind his Love in a mysterious chain:
His Flames under a cloud must wear,
Jealous, least any trembling Air
Should to the vulgar Ears his Passion bear.
This is Loves seasoning: For he
Who would a curious Lover be,
Fears less a Rival, then Discovery.

2.

The nicest Lover oft does find
A Happiness in his Extream;
For Doubt and Caution make the Mind
Value, what else had been a Dream;
The greatest Goods have their Esteem
Not from themselves, but what we pay;
We to our Passions guide the way.
And the great Deity of Love does live,
Not by the wounds he makes, but by the leave w
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3. *Whe*

3.

When all we wish crowns our Desires,
If Jealously but gently move,
'Tis like a Fan to blow those Fires,
And seems a kind transport of Love.
But let that frenzy never gain the Field;
Nor by continuance grow so high,
That Reason cannot force it yield,
Or the least Oath make the Usurper flie.

4.

Th'unfledg'd Gallant at his first sight does swear
His Love eternal course shall hold, (Air,
Though try'd experience tells those Vows are
And that no hope can be more rash or bold.
Happy the Lover, whose kind Star
Thinks worthy of a Gift so rare,
But if its Influence prove retrograde,
Let not a sullen Grief your Breast invade:
For Stars you will like Women find,
Who are by Humor false or kind,
Without consulting the fond Lovers mind.

5.

That Lover whose Desires unjustly tend,
And onely to his Pleasures bend,
'Tis fit should miss of his main end.

But they are Stages in our way,
And though they oft a Heart betray,
Are pretty Baits, our Travails to allay.

6.

Sincerity in Love, I much esteem,
As of all Laws, the most supream;
Yet for their Interest oft, the wise
Must cloath the Truth in a disguise.
I like a dainty Lover would know all,
Yet like a Man of humane frailty sure,
Would not my own disease procure,
Nor headlong on Disquiet fall,
But rather Ignorance, then Dispair endure.

As he finished this Gallantry, *Thales* entred his Chamber, *I return to* Miletum, Solon, said he, *I have sojourned but too long at* Athens, *you shall, I hope, never see me more; and therefore before I depart, I thought fit to tell you that your Daughter is lost, Pyrates who were coursing for Booty about the* Ægæan *Isles, hoping her beauty might make her prize considerable, took her away, without ever since being heard of. I came hither to tell you this misfortune, rather then to speak to you of the Tripod; but I found you so weak, that I thought to attempt the reducing you*

to

to the Eſtate of Wiſdom, before I put you to this tryal. I now find you are perverted for ever, and therefore I do, what I hoped in vain to do more to the purpoſe another time. Solon was ſo ſurpriſed at this news, and the manner in which his friend told it him, that he had not the power to interrupt him; but having had time to compoſe himſelf whilſt he diſcourſed; *Is it* Thales, ſaid he, *that tells* Solon *one of the greateſt misfortunes could poſſibly happen to him, without appearing himſelf concerned. I have been too much concerned for you,* replied *Thales, nor ſhould I, had I not been ſenſible of your misfortunes, have entertained converſe with a Man in love. I ſhould have deſerted you, when I found you deſerted that Wiſdom firſt united us: That friendſhip I had for you, made me renounce my ſeverity for your relief; I have ſtaid with you, have endured to hear you talk of your Paſſion; and wretch, that I am, there wants but little that your diſeaſe is become contagious. I looked the other day upon your* Orgina, *with an intention, I never had for any thing but my Books: I cannot baniſh from my memory the bewitching* Idea *that object left there, I find a kind of indulgence for your weakneſs; it delights me as much as it terri-*

fied

fied me before; and even the confuſed vapors of Sleep, conſpire to the breach of my quiet. Athens, *pernicious* Athens, *thou ſhalt never ſee* Thales *more, the diſtemper he hath begun to contract in thee, cannot be cured, but by his flight.*

And ſo finiſhing thoſe words, *Thales* went out of the Cloſet, and without more delay hired a paſſage for *Miletum*, not ſuffering the Prayers or Diſtreſs of *Solon*, to ſtay him a minute longer. After this ſo unexpected parting, *Solon* went to ſee *Orgina*, to acquaint her with what had hapned to him. *The Gods had too much favored me,* ſaid he, *in reſtoring my* Orgina *to me. If they had likewiſe preſerved to me my Daughter, and my Friend, I ſhould have forgot my ſelf in ſuch height of Happineſs; and ſome great misfortune was neceſſary to ballance the joy I had in your recovery. But, then let my dear* Orgina, *be all things to me, ſince in finding her, I loſe all things. Orgina* received that obliging requeſt, as ſhe ought to do it, ſhe made new Proteſtations of Love and Fidelity to *Solon*, ſhe endeavored to apply comfort to thoſe misfortunes he already ſuffered under; and to gain from him the knowledge of thoſe he feared for the future, ſhe heard

him

him relate all the particulars of the Birth and Horoſcope of his Daughter; but when in one part of the ſtory ſhe heard him call his Daughter *Hypparete*. Hypparete, *Sir*, ſaid ſhe with a nimble haſtineſs. *Yes*, replied *Solon*, *ſo was my Daughter called*; *and Sir* (continued *Orgina*) *of what age, of what ſtature, and what form of countenance, as near as you can gueſs was this* Hypparete. *She is of middle ſtature*, replied *Solon*, *ſlender, fair complexioned, bright haired, her noſe aquiline, black-eyed, and particularly remarkable for a Butterflie, Nature took pleaſure to imprint on one of her hands, whence I took the Etymology of that name of* Hypparete, *which I gave her. Ah Sir*, replied *Orgina*, *ſeek not for* Hypparete *among Pyrates, ſhe is in the hands of one of your own Citizens: It is that ſame Slave my Father bought ſome time before our departure from* Salamina, *who paſſed for me during, the time of our Captivity*; *and whom*, Piſiſtratus, *at preſent, keeps in the Kingdom of* Argos. This news was very unwelcome to *Solon*, he loved his Countrey, as may be judged by his own refuſing the Dominion over it, he knew the ambitious humor of *Piſiſtratus*, and his flight from *Athens* having angred the *Areopagites*, they had iſſued a

Decree

Decree againſt his Body and Goods. This rigor furniſhed him with a pretence to Enterpriſes, and the Fortune of *Hypparete* aſſured their ſucceſs. Our Law-giver was ſo afflicted with the misfortunes his foreſight denounced, that he could not reſolve to ſtay and be a witneſs to them; he baniſhed himſelf willingly from *Athens*, and took that long voyage through all the Realms of *Greece*, which his advice to *Cræſus* made ſo memorable. Thoſe private Authors from whence I extracted this Relation, have not told me whether *Orgina* followed *Solon*. I will believe for the glory of the wiſe Man, that his Folly reached not ſo far; it is enough that he loved, and that his love was the innocent cauſe of the enthralment of his Countrey. I would likewiſe be perſwaded that he married the Daughter of *Amphicles*, but when we come to think his Miſtreſs his Wife, we cannot well think ſhe ſtaid behind at *Athens*. *Solons* Predictions had a full effect, *Piſiſtratus* ſubjected his Countrey, and reigned peaceably the reſt of his days. Let us now ſearch, if this ſame City, ſo famous among the Ancients, and ſo fruitful in great Men, cannot furniſh us with other Examples to employ ſome pleaſant hours.

The end of the Loves of Solon.

THE LOVES OF Great Men.

SOCRATES.

IT Is not of abſolute neceſſity for that Man to be handſome, who deſignes to make *Love*. The beſt Deſcriptions the World has given us of *Socrates* containe little anſwerable to the qualities of a *Lover*. He was neither of a Courtly Humour, nor of taking Shape or Feature. He made Profeſſion of an *Auſtere Philoſophy*, and yet for all this he was in *Love*: But, as *Love* knows how to change his ſhape,

and

and put on what disguise he pleases; it was not under his ordinary figure he crept into the Soul of *Socrates*, but under the Image of *Virtue*. *Timandra* a young *Phrygian* Lady, famous to Posterity for the adventures we are about to relate, was Daughter to one of *Socrates* his Intimate Friends. Some private reasons having obliged this Gentleman to frequent *Athens*, he dies, and valuing *Socrates* his Friendship equal to himself, trusts to his care his only Daughter, a charge which the *Philosopher* accepts with joy and generosity. This Lady was very fair, and *Socrates* discerned in her such sparkes of wit and good nature as he hoped might be one day improved into hands of Wisdom: He undertook to make her a *Philosophical* Woman; and, prudently judging that converse with the World might obstruct his design, he committed *Timandra* to the cares of *Aglaonice* the *Astrologess*, who, under the pretence of making her *Celestial Observations*, lived in an extreame Solitude. *Socrates* charmed with the good dispositions he found in the Soul of *Timandra*, would spend whole dayes in forming her Manners after the Rules

of

of Vertue: *For what reaſon* (would he ſay to her) *think you, the gods have made you be borne ſo accompliſhed? 'Tis neither out of any ſingular love to your perſon, nor out of any hate to other Women, made leſs perfect; but, 'tis to manifeſt in you the power of the qualities of the Soul above thoſe of the Body: had you had but an ordinary Beauty, the aſſaults made on your Virtue would have been ſo feeble, your Victory would not become an Example: but now, when in the faireſt Lady of all* Greece *there ſhall be obſerved a Soul impregnable againſt all the aſſaults of Paſſion, a laudable diſdain of periſhable and tranſitory pleaſures, and ſolid love, for thoſe can never waſt; you will become a Living Axiome, which all the Arguments of our* Libertines *ſhall not have the boldneſs to inſult over.* Theſe Arguments, which one would have thought ſhould only have alarm'd the Gallant, gave yet the Alarme to Conjugal Love, and beat up a Charge to his Spouſe *Myrto*, *Socrates* Wife, who, for all her being Daughter to *Ariſtides*, Surnamed the Juſt, was not her ſelf the more ſo, obſerved ſome trouble in her Husband, when he ſaw not *Timandra*, and diſcovering, he paid his Viſits to

that

that Lady when ever he could get from her, conceived a furious Jealousie. This Woman seemed to have been chosen out by Heaven to keep the Virtue of *Socrates* in breath. Never was there VVife more untractable; and, because she had kept her honour untainted under the shelter of little temptations, she became a mercileſs Tyrant, exacting tributes of Patience from those least ought to pay it; She asperſed *Timandra* with all the Titles her Jealousie could dictate: *But* Myrto, (said Socrates to her) *Is it from your own experience you judge so ill of the vertue of your Sex? We should seldome suspect failings in others, of which our selves are not, or have not a will to be guilty. Do you think the Gods have favoured you with a peculiar priviledge? or whilst you would have them believed prodigal of Chastity to you, is it to be presumed that they are niggards to all other women? I know not what to answer to these* Sophistryes (said *Myrto* interrupting him) *I read no Book but my Prayers, and would scarce be well pleased with any other; but these frequent meetings and interviews between different Sexes are neither lawful nor honest, there is alwayes in them some*

mixtures

mixtures of Criminal designs; and, as one of your Schollars said well some dayes since, Men and Women were only sent into the World to propagate. Your memory retaines (said *Socrates* very coldly) *mighty pretty passages of my Schollars lessons, I have no design* Timandra *should grow so learned, and the* Philosophy *I teach her has Precepts utterly opposite to those you are pleased to remember. See, see, what a pretty excuse you have found* (said his Wife interrupting him) *Love never wants pretences; had you been a* Painter *you would have feigned to teach that art to* Timandra, *now, being a* Philosopher, *you would by all means teach her to* Philosophize; *but* Socrates, *those who would give Lessons of* Modesty *and* Virtue, *make not choice of* Schollars *so young and so handsome.* This Dispute was interrupted by the coming in of *Alcibiades*, the bravest and most Courtly of all the *Grecians*; whose inclinations, though unconformable with the severity of *Socrates*, impeded not a strict friendship between them; The *Philosopher* made a Sign to his Wife to be quiet when he perceived *Alcibiades*, whom he would not have know *Timandra*: People so spritely and inge-

nious as this Illustrious *Athenian*, often reap what *Philosophy* has sown; but *Myrto*, who was in a talking humour, would not stop for all her Husbands Signes; she appealed to *Alcibiades* whether her Suspicions were not just and reasonable; and, enflamed with *Socrates* his oppositions and endeavours to hinder her being heard, exposed the whole pretended intrigue of her Husband with the faire *Phrygian* as an incontestable truth, when want of breath made her silently retire. *Do you then impose on us at this rate* (said *Alcibiades* to his Friend) *or can you think we will be thus deceiv'd? you are continually Preaching to us contempt of the Passions, my Age and other Engagements can gaine no indulgence from you; yet, as if you spent your whole stock of* Philosophy *in Counsel to your Friends, you remain your self unprovided. Do you believe an angry Woman* (replyed *Socrates* coldly) *these are visions of her Jealous Fancy, which have neither likelihood nor foundation. How* (said *Alcibiades*) *is it not true then you have that affection for this* Timandra, *at which your Wife appeares so alarm'd at. I acknowledge* (replyed *Socrates*) *I have delighted to Cultivate and improve*

improve an excellent good Nature, which Chance offered to my Cares, and which all the considerations of Friendship oblige me not to see lie fallow; And, this excellent good Nature, (said *Alcibiades*, interrupting him) *is seated in a fair and youthful person; What is that Circumstance to our purpose* (replyed the *Philosopher* in a somewhat an angry tone) *or, What communication can there be between the Beauty of a Woman, and the Soul of* Socrates? *Alcibiades* was now returned from his first Exile, and had had some experience in Love; *I talked like you* (replyed he) *when I was admonished against the charmes of* Nemea; *How! would I say to my self, an* Alcibiades, *whom the chiefest Ladies of* Athens *are proud to favour, and whom a great Queen did not disdaine, love a Curtisan: I will see her, and if my heart can find leasure to cast off nobler Passions, Court her perhaps for some few houres; but, this light distraction cannot be called Love, nor is* Nemea *of a quality considerable enough to give it me; this was once my Song, and yet* Socrates *you know whither this Love hurried me, to what Censure I exposed my self by it; and, into what dangers it led my ambition. Your soul and mine are very differ-*

rent said Socrates, *your Riches continually sollicite your delights; you are softned by pleasures irreparably attending your degree, and finding your self alwayes in a condition to attempt reliefe, you may desire all things; for my part, the meanness of my fortunes secure my rest and quiet; I regard Beauty but as an effect of Nature, which teaches me the knowledge of its cause; and finding matter to exercise my Virtue in that which debauches yours, from that wreck I learn to keep my self in the Port. Alcibiades* said many other things to the *Philosopher* to oblige him not to have such stedfast confidence in his *Philosophy*, but he could not shake the opinion *Socrates* had of its fortitude. Though he yielded *Timandra* to be worthy of love, yet he would not grant *Socrates* to be capable of Loving. But, the testimony he had given of the merit of the faire *Phrigian* stir'd up a curiosity in *Alcibiades*, to see if *Socrates* were as well skill'd in his distinctions of *Beauty* as *Philosophy*; he had observed by their discourse the *Philosopher* was covetous of his Treasure, he believed if he would have a sight of it, it must be by stealth, he therefore caused *Socrates* to be watcht, to find out *Timandra's*

mandra's House; and, having discover'd it, he Apparelled himself like a *Phrigian*, and making choice of a day wherein he knew the *Philosopher* imploy'd in giving publick Lessons to his Schollers, he presents himself at *Timandra*'s Gate, pretending himself a *Phrigian*, come to bring her Newes from her Countrey; he spoke very well all Languages in use in his time; and, among other admirable qualities which graced him, he had a most excellent way of acting all disguises: But, *Socrates* had given such Orders at *Aglaonice*'s, as were proofe against all occasions and all artifices. The *Astrologess* came in the place of the *Phrigian*, and her person being illfavoured and displeasing, as *Alcibiades* hoped to find it beautiful and charming, he retreated two or three paces at sight of her, and much surprized, asked her, *If she were* Socrates *his Scholler? Yes, replyed* Aglaonice (who had reasons for that untruth) *What have you to say to me, or what are your affaires? Nay, nothing Madam,* (reply'd *Alcibiades* very coldly) *I had many things to say to* Timandra *when I came into this house, but having forgot them all, have now nothing to say, but*

take my leave. Alcibiades had a might
winning way both in his carriage an
converſe, which ſubdu'd the hearts o
all that ſaw him. The Aſtrologeſs wa
ſmitten as with an Arrow, and unabl
to ſubmit to the loſs of an object ſo ſoo
known dear to her: I ſee you are ſome
what ſtartled (ſaid ſhe to the ſuppoſe
Phrigian) you have doubtleſs heard Me d
ſcrib'd fairer then you find me; but Si
(added ſhe, preſenting her hand to A
cibiades) I will let you ſee with what kin
of beauty the great Socrates is affected; an
at that word ſhe led the Illuſtrious Athe
nian into a Cloſet ſet out with Globes an
Figures, and ſhowing him a Scheam
which lay on the Table, See there (ſai
ſhe) what deſerves more admiration tha
all the fraile Beauties Nature can ſhow us
what Scheame containes the deſtiny of ſu
dry Empires; I read in the Stars all th
happens memorable upon Earth; and, ha
more knowledge of things to come then ord
nary perſons have of things preſent:
alone have ſecured Socrates againſt the fea
he had of the Illuſtrious Alcibiades. D
you then know Alcibiades (ſaid the pr
tended Phrigian interrupting her.
Aglaonice gave a diſdainful ſmile at th

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demand, and affecting a certain tone of a woman well ſatisfy'd with her skill; *Is there any thing in the world I would know, and do not* (replyed ſhe) *I learn'd from* Socrates *the houre of* Alcibiades's *Birth, and have Calculated his Nativity*; *ſee there*, ſaid ſhe, drawing it out from many other Papers, *the directions and revolutions, and by this I dare boaſt to know all that happens to him as well as himſelf. How*, ſaid *Alcibiades*, interrupting her, *Does your knowledge teach event to his indifferent actions? I know even his indifferent actions*, reply'd *Aglaonice*, *which includes all, not excepting any thing.*

I did not believe, purſu'd *Alcibiades* ſmiling, *that* Aſtrology *entered into the ſearch of trivial things*; *I know well there may be drawn from the influence of the Stars a judgement upon the inclination and the temper*; *I will likewiſe believe the life of Man may be ſubject to Revolutions, ſurprizing enough to be worth Heavens notice, but that you can tell what* Alcibiades *is doing this very minute I ſpeak, is what you will hardly perſwade me to.*

You know not what I can do, ſaid Aglaonice, *People who judge things but in groſs, have onely penetrated into a ſuperficial know-*

ledge of the Stars; I have made my ſearches farther, and when I erect a Figure for any one, I can, if need be, give an account of the very number of his words. Pray Madam, ſaid the ſuppoſed *Phrygian, favour me with a proof of this rare knowledge in the perſon of* Alcibiades; *I knew him in* Phrigia, *have an honour for him, and reſolve to go ſeek him when I go hence; I ſhall make proof of what you tell me, and it will be no ſmall converſion, if you can make me a Proſelyte to Aſtrology.* Aglaonice well pleaſed with the opportunity of keeping ſtill with her the lovely *Phrigian,* ſearches her Books, and after a long confronting of the *Signes* and *Planets, Are you diſcreet,* ſaid ſhe, *to the diſguis'd* Athenian? *Yes, without doubt,* replyed he; *and, for your better aſſurance, one of the beſt Friends* Alcibiades *ever had: He is then,* ſaid ſhe, inclining her head to whiſper it in his eare, *at preſent making Courtſhip to one of the faireſt Ladies of* Athens, *whom he loves, and by whom he is as ardently beloved:* Alcibiades could not forbear burſting out into Laughter at the reſult of this Obſervation, and the *Aſtrologeſs* being half put out of countenance; *I believe,* ſaid ſhe, *you doubt of*

what

what I have told you; Pardon me, Madam, reply'd *Alcibiades, you could not hit any thing righter, I have ſuch viſible proofes of the certainty of your Science, that I will go admoniſh* Alcibiades *to be more cautious for the future; for, ſince all he does is ſo perfectly known, he ought to do nothing which he feares ſhould grow publick.* With this Irony *Alcibiades* took his leave, leaving the *Aſtrologeſs* more taken with the Charmes of the *Phrygian*, then he was ill ſatisfied with the uglineſs of the falſe *Timandra*; he had gone but few ſteps from thence when he was met by *Socrates*: That *Philoſopher* made his publick Leſſons very ſhort, having more pleaſing private ones to give elſewhere; he caſt a ſower look at his Friend when he ſaw him diſguis'd in that manner, and not doubting but Love had a part in the Metamorphoſis, he was preparing to make him one of thoſe Remonſtrances wherewith he uſed to Declaime againſt Voluptuouſneſs: But *Alcibiades* preventing him; *I gueſs all you would ſay, dear* Socrates, ſaid he, *I confeſs I am in an error, and that you have reaſon to upbraid me, but I am puniſh'd enough by my own curioſity, and by the diſpleaſure it gave*

me,

me, I ſhall never hereafter be ſo vain, and if I could have ſuſpected you of ſo groſs a diſcernement, your Timandra *had not coſt me the trouble of a diſguiſe.* At that word he parted, not being in humour to hear *Socrates* his *Morallo.* And, the *Philoſopher*, more troubled at what he had heard, then at all the accidents of his life, haſtned the ſmall remainder of his way to *Aglaonice*'s, whom asking for at entrance, and underſtanding ſhe was in the Garden, he poſts to her to upbraid her negligence. *You have promiſed me* (ſaid he chafing) *that you would not let* Timandra *be ſeen by any other Man i'th' world; It was agreed you ſhould receive the Compliments, addreſſed to her, that we might better order all our Meaſures for the defeating the Snares and Stratagems of the Curious, and yet* Aglaonice, *you whom I believed a woman of extraordinary truſt, and to whoſe charge I have committed the perſon in whom I had placed all my happineſs, betray this confidence, and your Promiſe, in favour of* Alcibiades. *I*, cryed out the *Aſtrologeſs*, *I let* Alcibiades *ſee* Timandra; *From whom have you this falſe Story? 'Tis too much a truth*, replyed Socrates, *I have it from* Alcibiades *own Mouth*,

mouth, whom I met not ten ſteps off, diſguiſed like a Phrigian, *and, who told me, he came from* Timandra. *If it were* Alcibiades, continued *Aglaonice, came to aske for* Timandra *in the* Phrigian *habit, forbear to trouble your ſelf, 'twas I received his Viſit, and 'tis me he takes for your young* Phrigian: Whereupon ſhe related to him all the paſſages of the interview between her and the ſuppoſed *Phrigian*, making him almoſt break his Spleen with Laughing at the fallacies of her Science, and the ſurprize wherein ſhe repreſented *Alcibiades*. *Timandra*'s Cloſet windows anſwer'd directly to the place where this Converſation was held, ſo that ſhe loſt not one word of it; and, diſcontented with the Captivity of her Condition, deſignes a revenge by undeceiving *Alcibiades*; To this purpoſe ſhe Bribes one of *Aglaonice*'s Houſhold Servants, and entruſting him with a *Letter* for the Illuſtrious *Athenian*, makes him promiſe to deliver it to his own hand. The Porter, who underſtood well what he had to do, and fear'd not a liberal payment for the delivery of a *Letter* from ſo fair a Lady to the gallant and magnificent *Alcibiades*, choſe the hour he judg-

ed

ed moſt convenient to acquit himſelf of his Commiſſion, but was unhappily prevented by a former Meſſenger, who had put *Alcibiades* into a ſcurvy diſorder of minde.

Aglaonice, who, according to the Mode of ignorant *Aſtrologers*, found ſtill in the *Stars* what pleaſed her ſelf, rather then what they denounced, was perſwaded that *Alcibiades* Aſcendant and her own Leer'd at one another with a kind of Sympathetical Aſpect; ſhe would have Sworn by the faith of her Obſervations that he was neceſſitated by an over-ruling influence to love her; and, believing ſhe ought to preſs forward ſo happy a deſtiny, by ſome kind exhortations ſhe had entruſted an Apprentice in *Aſtrology*, who daily came to honour her with his meaner offerings, to give *Alcibiades* in the behalf of the young *Phrigian* Lady, the following *Epiſtle*.

LETTER.

CAn you yet doubt my skill? and, is it not true that Alcibiades *was making Love, when I ſaw him diſguiſed under the habit of a* Phrygian? *Thoſe Maſquerades are the appendixes of Gallantry, and find-*

finding one half of my predictions so true, I dare promise my self that I shall soon see the rest accomplished.

Understanding People receive as injuries Sacrifices, they judge unworthy of them, and the designs of Women have this proper to them, ever to produce an effect contrary to what they promised themselves. *Alcibiades* returned this answer by the same Messenger.

ANSWER.

YOu have so near a converse with Heaven, that Men are unworthy to have any with you. My Soul is too much inclined to Pleasure, and my Heart so devoted to the satisfaction of my Sences; I am not worthy of you, most knowing Timandra; *and you profane your rare Merit, in abasing your self to the Sensual*

ALCIBIADES.

An hour after the Messenger of *Aglaonice* was dispatched, *Timandra*'s came to present her Letter, and demand the like expedition. *Alcibiades* believed it was a second Epistle of the Nature of the first, he had too many pleasant intrigues upon his

his hands, to ſpare time for a commerce ſo nauſeous and troubleſome. *You may tell* Timandra, ſaid he, *refuſing to receive the Letter ſhe ſent him, that I gueſs what her Letter contains, and that my engagements with* Socrates *permit me not to have any with her; and therefore I deſire her to forbear theſe kindneſſes for ever.* Theſe terrible words being brought to *Timandra*, ſhe received with ſuch an anger mixed with ſhame, as made her eaſily reſolve on the Silence impoſed. But *Aglaonice* not ſo eaſily offended, and whoſe skill promiſed her more happy ſucceſs in her enterpriſe, would not be repulſed for one difficulty; ſhe aſſaſſinated *Alcibiades* with Aſtrological menaces, he could never come home without finding ſome note or other from the falſe *Timandra*; they were ſtrewed upon his Table, and in his Cloſet, as if they had been his daily *Agenda*, he reſolved to ſtop this current. He was naturally kind and civil, and willing to avoid all occaſions of rudeneſs towards a Sex he adored; but theſe frequent Meſſages from a Woman, might prejudice him in ſome other affairs, he writ to the Aſtrologeſs in terms admitted no Anſwer; and that ſhe might not feign

feign the miſcarriage of his Letter he intruſted his Nurſe with the delivery. She was a very notable Woman, called *Amicla*, and a *Lacedemonian*; but the Auſterities of *Sparta*, could not ſecure her from ſome flyings out of Blood and Temper. She takes out of *Alcibiades*'s Cloſet Petrified Plants, ſeveral Sea Animals dried, and becoming a Merchant of this ſort of traffick, ſhe goes and asks at *Trimandra*'s Gate, if they would buy any of her Curioſities. The fair *Phrygian* was alone contrary to her Cuſtom, *Socrates* was retired for ſome days to a houſe out of *Athens*, where he prepared himſelf to maintain a publick diſpute, and *Aglaonice* weakned with the watchings, and agonies of Love, did that day keep her bed, *Timandra* would needs ſee *Amycla*'s rarities, and ſhe ſet them forth with all the terms and tattle requiſite in the perſon, ſhe played, and following the *Phrygian* to a Window, where ſhe was looking on a petrified Fruit, ſlipping the Letter into her hand, *See there Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *the rareſt piece of all my Shop*, Alcibiades *ſends it you.* The *Phrygian* bluſht at that name, and opening her hand, that ſhe might not receive what

was

was offered her. *You may tell* Alcibiades, said she to the counterfeit Merchant, *that I guess what the Letter contains, and that my engagements with* Socrates *permit me not to have any with him.* At which words she stept into her Closet, leaving the poor Nurse much afflicted at the ill success of her negotiation, she returns forthwith to *Alcibiades*. *Your business goes ill Sir*, said she, *I presented your Letter with all the cunning you could expect from me, but* Timandra *would not receive it; she sends you word, that she guesses what it contains, and that her engagements with* Socrates *permit her not to have any with you.* *Alcibiades* burst out with laughing at the repetition of the same words, he remembred to have sent formerly to her. *How!* cryed he, *and am I become displeasing even to* Timandra, *Destiny is my friend, and I ow it a Sacrifice of Thanks; Lord Sir*, cryed *Amycla*, much surprised, *I thought I brought your deaths wound, when I told you that a person of such Heavenly Beauty would not receive your addresses.* *Amycla* had art, and would droll very pleasantly, and *Alcibiades* often delighted to hear her, he believed she had a mind now to divert him as she used. *Indeed*, says he ironically,

Timandra

Timandra *is a very Heavenly Beauty, that ſtaring ghaſtly air which in her Face, diſcovers the diſorders of her Mind; that ill ſhaped Carcaſs; that conſtrained Converſation; and that leaneſs brought upon her by her Chimerical Studies, are all moving Reaſons of Diſpair in a Man not beloved. What ſay you of leanneſs, ill ſhape, or ghaſtly Countenance,* ſaid *Amycla* interrupting him, *I could find no ſuch thing in the young* Timandra, *ſhe is as beautiful in Countenance, as well ſhaped in Body; her Ways and Manners are obliging; nor know I a Beauty in* Athens *can be juſtly compared to her.* *Alcibiades* could not reconcile this report with what his eyes had ſeen; and therefore conjures his Nurſe to be ſerious, and unravel the Intrigue. *Amycla* returns to *Timandra*, and feigning to have loſt ſomething, deſires to ſpeak with her, to know if ſhe had found it. *Timandra* miſtruſting ſome new Meſſage from *Alcibiades*, which her anger for the old repulſe, would not now let her receive, goes into *Aglaonices*'s Chamber, to give Audience to *Amycla*. *Alcibiades*'s Nurſe found in the Aſtrologeſs, what he believ'd to have found in the *Phrygian*, and running preſently to tell him the

truth, threw him into a Melancholly not easily represented; his Natural admiration for fair Ladies amounted even to Idolatry, and he could not without dispair, consider he had given such a one occasion to be angry with him, he implores the assistance of *Amycla*: She advices him to return some shews of love to *Aglaonice*, thereby to get opportunity of seeing *Timandra*, and undertaking to manage the affair, goes forthwith from him to *Aglaonice*; and tells her the indifference practised and affected by *Alcibiades*, was but a cunning to make tryal of the kindness she professed, which her perseverance having confirmed, he was ready to be at her service; that he knew well the Stars presided in affairs of Love, and that submitting without murmur to their influence, she might dispose of his destiny, as its absolute Mistress. *Aglaonice* was transported with joy at this complement of *Amyclaes*; she requited the happy news with the gift of a rich Ring from her Finger; and the absence of *Socrates* giving him fair opportunity to make his visits; *Alcibiades* grew so familiar in that house, that no hours were interdicted him, he cunningly drew from the Astrologess an assurance

assurance, that she writ not that Letter he had refused to read, and both from thence, and from what *Timandra* had said to *Amycla*, concluded, That it was the *Phrygian* had writ it, he was raging mad to see her, and to know her commands. But it was almost impossible to compass his desire, *Aglaonice*'s diligence, and the indignation wherewith the *Phrygian* was prepossessed, made fruitless all his designs.

This ill success made him almost desperate, *Amycla* gave him descriptions of *Timandra*, which inflamed his curiosity, and the most moderate desires become violent when they meet with opposition, *Alcibiades* had thoughts to banish all he ought to *Socrates* friendship, by forcing a sight of the *Phrygian* Lady, since he could not fairly find a way to obtain it; but the fear to disoblige her, whom he already loved before he knew her, withheld him, he bethought himself at length of an Artifice had less noise in it, and which succeeded happily. *Socrates* was almost upon return to *Athens*, *Alcibiades* pretended to have promised the *Philosopher* not to go to *Aglaonice*'s, and seemingly betrayed as much fear to be sur-

priſed by the coming of *Socrates*, as reluctancy to be deprived of the converſation of *Aglaonice*, to accommodate all it was agreed to meet privately in a Grove, about a mile diſtant from *Athens*, which was called the *Academy*. In this place Philoſophical Conferences were held, and it took its Etymology from *Academes*, a Greek *Hero* born in that place; but ſince the name has been given to all places where Vertue is publickly exerciſed. The Conditions being concluded with *Aglaonice*, the time to put them in execution came, *Alcibiades* made ſhow that *Socrates* was returned, and by Letter conjured the Aſtrologeſs to keep her word. She needed not much ſummoning, ſhe recommends herſelf to Love and the Stars, and placing this amorous aſſignation among the favorable Conſtellations hyes her to the Academy at the hour appointed. *Alcibiades* who had placed his Sentinels at *Timandra's* door, to know when he was delivered of his *Argus*, was no ſooner advertiſed that *Aglaonice* was gone, but he haſtens to make advantage of the opportunity: The Servants would have obſerved *Socrates* Order, and hindered *Alcibiades* from going up to *Timandra's*

Lodgings; but Love had made him a *Hector*, he threatned with death the firſt that oppoſed his paſſage and coming to the *Phrygians* Chamber, ſurpriſed her as much with his ſight, as himſelf was enamored with hers. *How, Madam*, (ſaid he, retreating two or three paces) *is it from you I have refuſed to receive a Letter? Is it to you I have committed the firſt rudeneſs that ever I was guilty of towards your ſex, and was it againſt you I conceived ſo continual an Averſion? Ah Madam*, added he, in a paſſionate accent, *What can my heart do, to attone the offence of its blindneſs? Can all the Love and Service it has prepared for you, ever be capable to blot out its crime? I found by your diſcourſe, that you are* Alcibiades (replied *Timandra*, in a kind of troubled accent) *the eſteem I always had for your reputation, was never ſo mortified by my anger, but 'tis revived by your preſence. But Sir, from whence come you? Cannot all the fair Ladies in* Athens *ſatisfie your curioſity, without ſearching out her whom* Socrates *forbids you the ſight of: Speak not of* Socrates, *I beſeech you Madam*, ſaid *Alcibiades* interrupting her; *If he love you, he is no longer dear enough to me to merit ſo much reſervedneſs, as that I ſhould*

forbear it; and if he loves you not, he is unjuſt to deprive me of your ſight. He loves me not, replied Timandra, or at leaſt, if he loves me, 'tis more then either of us know. But Sir, he is paſſionately in love with Vertue, he has endeavored to communicate to me that Illuſtrious Paſſion; but he fears a merit like yours will be able to deſtroy all his Precepts.

Retire therefore Sir, and leave all my Soul to the Wiſdom, to which Socrates hath devoted it. I feel already, I know not what diſorder in ſpeaking to you, which grows incompatible with that conſtancy and firmneſs, he has ſo long Preached. You affect me with ſome thing, I can neither ſuppreſs nor define. Pray then Sir withdraw your ſight and Socrates Rules, can never agree together. Alcibiades was tranſported with Love and Joy at this innocent Confeſſion. Forget (ſaid he to Timandra) Precepts condemned by Nature, and which Heaven teſtified to have diſapproved, when it produced you ſo fair: It becomes Socrates who has onely the Beauty of the Soul in his dividend to renounce the pleaſures of the Senſes. He ſpares himſelf great vexations, when he prevents the troubleſome conſequences might accrew from his want of Charm. But you fair Timandra, who are made

made to be adored by all that approach you, reverſe the orders of Heaven, when you bury your Talents in a retreat, makes them uſeleſs. That which Socrates *has told me*, ſaid the fair *Phrygian*, interrupting him, *was much more judicious then what you tell me; and yet Sir, by what fate I know not, I begin to find all his knowledge too feeble to perſwade me, whilſt your words peirce even into my very heart, they have already ſetled a ſecret intelligence with the Motions of my Soul, and make my Sence revolt againſt my Reaſon: Yet once more Sir retire, your ſight becomes pernicious to me, and if you have not ſome pitty on my Philoſophy, three or four years ſtudy will fall under the firſt aſſaults of your preſence.*

Whilſt things paſſed thus at *Timandra's* other accidents, no leſs ſingular happned at the Academy. *Aglaonice* was come as ſhe had promiſed, but in going ſhe had loſt the note that contained the Order of the Aſſignation, which was found by one of *Socrates* ſervants, who carried it to his Maſter. *Socrates* ſoon knew *Alcibiades* hand, and the houſe where he was, not being far from the Academy, he was reſolved to give an interruption to the meeting. He often did theſe diſpleaſures to

Alcibiades, he loved him tenderly, and he knew that his inclinations to love, were often hurtful to his affairs. He got rid of *Myrto*, who was come that day from *Athens* to fetch him back, and coming without any attendance to the *Philosophers* Grove, he found the *Astrologess* beginning to grumble at the Stars, that *Alcibiades* was so long a coming, she believed her cause of grief was ceased when she perceived *Socrates*. It was dark, and the *Philosopher*, who would not show himself, till it were to purpose, slipt among the Trees, *Aglaonice* follows his track, coughing twice or thrice to discover her self, and seeing that signal ineffective, *Alcibiades*, said she to *Socrates*, in a tone which her vexation changed from her usual voice, *is it for tryal of me that you flie me thus.* The *Philosopher* ashamed at the impudence of this unknown Lady, stop'd to reproach her for it. *Aglaonice* perceiving he staid, and as she thought for her, run to him with open Arms, but was suddenly stop'd by a Woman, who rushing from behind a Tree, thrust her self between her, and him, she took for *Alcibiades*. This Woman was *Myrto*, who finding her Husband absent, and learning at

his

his Countrey Houſe, that he was gone to the Academy, had followed him at a diſtance to pry into his actions, and ſee what ſhe could diſcover. When ſhe had this Reaſon by the Action of *Aglaonice*, to believe it was an Amorous Rendez-vous: *And is it thus* Socrates, ſaid ſhe, *you prepare to diſpute for Wiſdom againſt its oppoſers, muſt there be an intrigue of Gallantry to diſpoſe your Soul to the defence of Vertue; and do you employ that time you feign to dedicate to the ſtudy of Philoſophy, in making your ſelf unworthy the name of a Philoſopher.* The name of *Socrates* informing *Aglaonice* of her miſtake, ſhe was thinking of a prudent reatreat, when *Plato*, the beloved Scholar of *Socrates*, appeared to hinder her; he had loſt ſome Notes, which he much valued, and came to ſee if they might not be let fall in the Academy, whether he remembred to have brought them, and becauſe it was dark, he had brought a Torch in his hand: That light diſcovered the *Aſtrologeſs* before ſhe could eſcape. It is not eaſie to imagine the *Philoſophers* ſurpriſe at this apparition. *How*, cryed he, *is it you* Aglaonice *who have made an aſſignation with* Alcibiades. The diſorder the *Aſtrologeſs* was

was in, joyned with the words ſhe had uttered, aſſured *Socrates* of a truth, ſhe had not the power to confeſs; the *Philoſopher* ſoon dived into the ſecret of this intrigue. *Alcibiades* was too dainty to court a Creature of *Aglaonices* make. *Socrates* remembred what he had ſaid coming from her houſe in the *Phrygian* habit. Aglaonice, *feeble* Aglaonice, ſaid he ſighing, *thou deſtroy'ſt in a moment the precautions of many years.* At theſe words he runs towards *Timandra*'s; that quarter of *Athens* wherein ſtood the *Aſtrologeſſes* houſe, was not very far from the Academy, *Myrto* followed him for ſome paces, continuing her clamors; but he vouchſafed not a word to appeaſe her, nay, ſcarcely did he perceive his Wife ſpeak, ſo ſtrongly had his ſuſpitions ſeiz'd his ſpirit. He found *Alcibiades* ſtill with *Timandra*, he was ſo charmed with the ſight of her, that neither policy in him, nor prayers from her, could make him conſent to leave it. *There is Tyranny in what you have done*, ſaid *Socrates*, in an angry manner, *You ſnatch from me a ſecret I would have kept, and without reſpect to that friendſhip ſhould be ſo dear to you, refuſe me the firſt compliance I ever exacted from yours.*

yours. 'Tis not that friendſhip Socrates *makes you thus hot,* ſaid *Alcibiades,* interrupting him, *your anger would have been better moderated, had it had ſo eaſie a cauſe; but* Socrates *you love* Timandra, *I ever miſtruſted it, the diſorder wherein now you appear, confirms all my ſuſpitions.* It was moſt certain, as *Socrates* had proteſted to the prying *Alcibiades,* that he did not believe he loved *Timandra,* he had that confidence in his wiſdom, gave him not leiſure to examine himſelf on this point; but his friends reproach forcing him to a ſudden review of himſelf, he found his precaution was ſtrong Jealouſie, and examining the dreadful fears he had had, leaſt *Timandra* ſhould love or be beloved, he found out that nothing but love could create ſuch violent apprehenſions, he let himſelf fall into a Chair, more concerned with what he began to diſcover then a criminal at the reading his ſentence, and looking on *Alcibiades* with an anger mixed with kindneſs, which at the ſame time drew Compaſſion and Jealouſie from his friend. *What have I done to you* Alcibiades, ſaid he, *thus to ſtir up in my Breſt, thoughts I knew not of, and which prove moſt cruel, becauſe they can*

be

be no longer unknown? I have loved you better, then you have loved your self; I have hazarded my life, my credit, and the esteem of all Athens, *to maintain your interests; I have opposed your weaknesses and frailties, with all my power, and when I could not master them, have concealed them. Ingrateful* Alcibiades, *why should you discover mine? If I love not* Timandra, *you injure my reputation in accusing me, and if I love her, as I begin to fear I do, you transgress against friendship, by exposing your self to the hazard of being my Rival. Withdraw your self from this danger* Alcibiades, *and whether you regard me as a Philosopher, who would preserve his Scholar exempt from Passion; or whether you regard me as a faithful friend, who merits some compliance. Withdraw your self, and see* Timandra *no more. I esteem your Philosophy too much,* said *Alcibiades*, interrupting him, *to do it this injustice; it is fit it should triumph over those desires have the boldness to contend with it. Stand out then* Socrates, *and stand out with success, you will fully the glory of your life, if you leave Posterity to believe, that the voluptuous* Alcibiades *had gain'd over himself, what you dare not enterprise on yours.*

Socrates

Socrates was not pleaſed with theſe Reaſonings, he would have ſacrificed all his reputation of Wiſdom to the priviledge of loving *Timandra* without diſturbance; but *Alcibiades* keeping firm to his Propoſition, *Socrates* was conſtrained to ſubmit, *Alcibiades* loved *Timandra*, and *Timandra* loved him. Theſe Precepts of Wiſdom ſo carefully inſtilled, and which, a long habitude ſeemed to have made impregnable againſt all Proteſtations and Aſſiduities, yielded at the firſt aſſaults of *Alcibiades*. 'Twas for this *Timandra* he died ſome time after, as the Hiſtorian of his life tell us, and if I may believe my ſatyrical memories, it was the diſpleaſure that *Socrates* conceived at this adventure, made him meet death with ſuch conſtancy. The *Aſtrologeſs* was fain to call the Stars to her defence, for the Heart they had made her hope for, but when we are reduced to make uſe of ſuch Cautions, we find often the Stars but very ill ſecurity. I will leave her to conſult her Books about their deceit, and paſs to the Loves of ſome great Captains which may eaſe my ſtile of that

preciſeneſs

preciſeneſs it has been forced to, by the *Philoſophers* in theſe two firſt Hiſtories.

The end of the Loves of Socrates.

THE

THE LOVES OF Great Men.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IF neither *Wisdome* nor *Philosophy* could secure *Solon* nor *Socrates* from the assaults of *Love*, *Ambition* and *Glory* have as weakly defended the heart of *Julius Cæsar*; he was a Lover before he was a Conquerour, and we may behold him likewise in the midst of his most illustrious Conquests, not forgetful of the Rites of Love. He was yet but *Quæstor*, and had only exerciz'd his courage against the

the *Cilician* Pyrates, when he Marry'd *Pompeia* Siſter to *Pompey* the Great.

In thoſe times as well as now a dayes, the Marriages of Great People were rather Politick then Sympathetical unions; *Pompeia* privately loved *Publius Claudius*, and *Cæſar* had a violent inclination for *Murcia*, who was afterwards the Wife of *Pompey*. The neceſſity *Cæſar* ſtood in of *Pompey's* ſupport, deterred him from Croſſing his Suite to *Murcia*, and the ſame reaſon made him ſeek his Alliance: He Married the Siſter of that great Man the ſame day that *Pompey* Marryed *Cæſars* Miſtreſs: *Love*, which had not ſo eaſily complyed with the conjuncture, but to triumph in the progreſs, would not let *Hymen* rob him of his Rites. *Cæſar* loves *Murcia* no leſs now ſhe is *Pompeys* Wife, then he had done before ſhe was ſo: Nor did *Claudius* believe himſelf more unhappy for ſeeing *Pompeia* in the Armes of *Cæſar*, want of opportunity only made ſome little change in their fortunes. *Pompey* was a Man of Authority, neceſſary to *Cæſars* Ambition; he durſt not let him ſuſpect he went to waite on him only to Court his Wife, and therefore reſtrained himſelf

ſelf to ſtricter Laws of correſpondence then the nearneſs of Relation might have allowed, ſo that 'twas only by his eyes that *Murcia* could gueſs the continuance of his Love. *Pompeia* was committed to the governance of *Aurelia Cæſar*'s Mother, one of the ſevereſt Matrons *Rome* ever produc'd; ſhe never ſuffered her Daughter-in-Law out of her ſight but when ſhe truſted her to the care of her Son; *Claudius* could hardly in publick ſteal a wink; and, if *Albra*, *Pompeia*'s waiting-woman, and confident of the intrigue, had not ſolac'd the deſires of this *Lover* with ſome kind Meſſages, he had been conſtrain'd to renounce his Love or his Life.

Things ſtood in this manner when *Cæſar* was choſen *Prætor*; and, during the year of his *Prætorſhip* the Conſuls being abſent from *Rome*, at his Houſe was to be kept the Feaſt of the *Good Goddeſs*; that Feaſt was ſignalized among the *Roman* Dames: and, on the day it was to be Solemniz'd, the Ladies of Quality aſſembled at the Conſuls, or in his abſence at the *Prætors* Houſe, where they paſſed the night in Feaſts and Dances; and, were it not for ſome private Cere-

monies, to which it was not seemly to admit Men; or, that they feared some escapes of joy repugnant to the *Roman* Austerity, it was made death for any Man to be found at that Feast: *Cæsar*, whose Soul was incapable of fear, he knew that improbable attempts oftenest escape with impunity, and resolved to make use of this occasion; There was a Closet in the Alcove of *Pompeia*'s Bed, which answered by a private paire of Staires to a back door, which was very seldome opened; *Cæsar* took the Key of this door, and resolving to slip by this way into his Wives Chamber, he writ to *Murcia*, that feigning her self undispos'd at the Feast, she should desire to repose her self some few Moments on *Pompeia*'s Bed: *Murcia*, who loved *Cæsar*, and well weighed the hazard of his enterprize, withstood his resolution with all her power; but *Cæsar* accusing the faintness of her Love, that Reproach overcame all other considerations. *Cæsar* left his house at the usual time appointed, he Supt at *Pompeys* to prevent all suspition, he went thence to *Cato*'s, whither he knew his Brother-in-Law would not accompany him, becaus *Cato*

and

and he were at Enmity; he came to *Cicero's*, and went to two or three places more, that several persons might affirm they had seen him; and then coming to his private door, when he judged it time, he goes without noise, and without being discover'd to *Pompeia's* Closet; scarce was he got in but he heard some body Cough on his Wives Bed, he softly opens the door, and gently approaching the Bed side, *Is it you*, said he, *as softly as possible he could*; *Yes*, was it answered, (with a voice as low as he had spoke) *It is I*; *It is a long time I have expected you, and I begun to believe you would break your word*: *Cæsar* dispos'd himself to repair his neglect, when he heard the Chamber door open, he hastily throws himself back into the Closet; and, whether the conversation of those on the Bed were indeed very long, or that *Cæsars* impatience made him think it so; most certain it is he never thought time more tedious. That wicked quarter of an hour being ended, *Cæsar* distinguishes the voice of his Wife, who making great excuses of not being able to stay longer, took leave, and shut the door after her; he then nimbly comes out of his hole, and

embracing the Lady on the Bed with a fervour equal to his love: *Murcia, my dear* Murcia, said he, *Is it possible that I have the liberty to confirme with my Tongue what my eyes have so often protested to you.* The Lady snatching out of *Cæsars* armes, and throwing her self down from the Bed, sought for the door to save her self: *Cæsar* believ'd it some sudden compunction of Conscience come in an evil hour to disturb his Joy, he felt for the Fugitives armes, and having grasp't one of them, *From whence comes this confusion,* sayes he, embracing her afresh? *How have I made my self unworthy of the obliging impatience you expressed at my first arrival? Do not discompose your self by these endeavours to escape me,* added he, finding that this *Murcia* strugled to get loose from him, *'Tis in your pleasure to dispose both of your destiny and mine, for you have an absolute power over* Cæsar. At that name of *Cæsar, Murcia,* or at least the party he took for her, used redoubled endeavours to escape, and that with so much vehemence, that *Cæsar* for fear of hurting her was fain to let her go; *Do,* said he, *all that your cruelty can inspire*

you

you with, and if you are not ſatisfied with throwing into deſpaire a man that adored you, call the Ladies of the Feaſt, and deliver me to the rigour of the Laws, I ſhall without the leaſt murmur conſent to my Death; your procedure having made my life ſo hateful, that, did I not hope to loſe it by ſuffering my ſelf to be ſurprized here, I had already taken it away. *Cæſar* had ſcarce ended this diſcourſe when *Albra* entred the Chamber; ſhe gave a ſhrieke at the ſight of her Maſter, and would have fled back; *Stay* Albra (ſaid he) with a commanding voice, *let me ſave the reputation of what I love, and diſpoſe afterwards of* Cæſars *life as thou wilt:* With theſe words he took a Wax-light out of *Albra's* hand, and, returning to the Cloſet, reſolved to retire as he came; the perſon eſcaped from him was got there before him, and *Cæſar* was much ſurpriz'd to find it to be young *Claudius* the Lover of *Pompeia*, diſguis'd under the habit of a Woman, he looked wiſtly at him more then once before he believed his own eyes, till *Claudius* judging, the more he conſider'd him the better he muſt know him; *'Tis I, Cæſar* (ſaid he) *you are not deceiv'd, you ſee 'tis not you only whom love has prevailed*

with to ſeek an advantage from the Feaſt. How (ſaid *Cæſar*, interrupting him) *Was it you whom* Pompeia *came to find when you were laid upon the Bed? and, Was it to give you ſuch full and free entertainment I retreated ſo quietly into the Cloſet? You may be deceiv'd in the voice of the Woman that ſpoke to me*, reply'd *Claudius*; *But* Cæſar, *I can take no other for* Murcia, *you have too often and too plainly named her, and that ſecret is of counterpoiſe enough, to exact from you an oblation of your ſuſpitions, if you can deſtroy me by revealing me, you run the ſame danger in being revealed; and, if it be true that I love, you love likewiſe; and whilſt you know not the object of my love, but by conjecture, you have declar'd in expreſs termes, that you love* Pompey's *Wife.* Cæſar, whoſe reaſon follow'd *Claudius*'s word for word, and whoſe ambition had no leſs a concerne then his love, in the concealing his intrigue with *Murcia*, apprehending it might be both the loſs of his Miſtreſs, and ruine of his deſignes, if he ſuffer'd his reſentments to take place, us'd all his endeavours to ſuppreſs them; and, giving the Light he held to his wives Gallant, *Go, march*, ſaid he, *and boaſt if thou dar'ſt, that thou haſt done* Cæ-

ſar *the greateſt injury he can receive, and that he has not the courage to revenge it; Thou mayeſt now talke whatever thou wilt, the diſcretion I owe to my Love ſubmits it ſelf to all Cenſures.* *Claudius* went down the Privy-ſtaires, which were the ſame *Albra* had brought him in by; but, one of *Aurelia*'s Women being by chance in the Court near the foot of thoſe Staires ſeeing *Claudius* put out his light, as ſoon as he eſpy'd her, began to have ſome ſuſpition of the truth; She ſtop'd the diſguis'd Lover, demanding what he was, and whether he went; the confus'd anſwer he gave, and the fulneſs of his voice made him known for a man. *Aurelia* had notice of the accident, ſhe cauſed the Ceremony to ceaſe, and ſending for Officers commanded *Claudius* to be deliver'd over to the *Cenſor*. *Cæſar* then appeared, pretending to be run into the noiſe, and the fear he was in to be impeached in the Criminals Examination, obliging him to take him out of the hands of his Mother, he cauſed him to be carry'd to *Cato*'s, whoſe very near Kinſman he was. *Aurelia* could by no meanes approve this exceſs of Mercy: *You know not*, ſaid ſhe to her Son, *what kind of*

Man you save from the rigour of the Laws, he is your Wives Gallant: I have a long time taken notice that wherever they meet, they have observed each other with a discomposure betraying too much love, and 'twas without doubt by her order he came hither disguis'd in that manner; for, *Pompey's* Wife finding her self misposed, and having desired a moments repose on *Pompeia's* Bed, she receiving the request with so an unbecoming a manner, that I was forced to lead *Murcia* to mine. *I found not your Wife there when I return'd into the Assembly; I caused* Albra *to search her, and having asked her why she had so left the Feast, she told me that she had a little business in her Chamber; but I'le assure you she lied not, she had indeed great business there.*

Of all this Discourse *Cæsar* was ignorant of that part only which concern'd *Murcia*, the rest he knew from the original. In the mean time *Claudius* was at *Cato's*, who sharply reproved his boldness; *Cæsar* could not have chose for him a better retreate: *Cato* loved the young Man as wild as he was, and *Servilia*, *Cato's* Sister, was the trustee of all his Secrets, she had a long time been in Love with

with *Cæsar* without finding a way to make him sensible; this disdain had converted her love into an anger equivalent to a violent hate, and as well to find occasions to exercise it, as to revenge her self on him that slighted her; She encourag'd *Clandius* in his passion for *Pompeia*, 'twas she had put him in his Womans disguise, and inspired that rashness into him to convey himself into *Cæsar*'s house. Now, that by the report of what had passed, she understood 'twas a Rival defended *Julius* his heart against her approaches; she gave loose reines to all the fury, and all the Jealousie a Womans breast was capable of conceiving: Nor was *Cæsar* less tormented within, though the causes of his trouble were different; his Spirit was fierce and delicate, he could not think of the affront he had received without such violent indignation as reach'd almost to Madness: But, that rage being balanc'd with what he ought to the honour of *Murcia*, and the necessity he stood in of *Pompey*'s friendship, he run from thought to thought, and from desperate resolutions to the most pacifick deliberations, and not knowing precisely what to determine on, concluded

ded himself the most miserable man living: He past the rest of the night walking in a disconsolate manner in his Chamber, and assoon as it was day he went to *Pompey* to make Complaint of his Sisters demeanour. *Pompey* would not excuse her, but knowing nothing more of her Crime then that *Claudius* was found disguis'd like a Woman at the feast of the *Good Goddess*; he was of the mind she could not therefore merit all those reproaches wherewith *Cæsar* calumniated her; he therefore urg'd him to say, whether he had any secret light touching that business which the rest of the World knew not? *No*, said *Cæsar*, in a perplexed manner; *but it is not enough for the delicacy of my humor, that the Wife of* Cæsar *be free from crime, I would have her be so from suspition.* Pompey us'd all his endeavours to appease *Cæsars* anger; he told him, *That in accidents of this nature, Husbands ought to themselves the best part of their tranquility, that nothing should be believ'd but what was seen: And* Cæsar (continued he) *we should in discretion see as little as we can; What advantage gain you in taking away your Wives Reputation? the wrong you do her*

recoiles

recoils on your self; and if you drive on the buſineſs to a divorce of her, 'tis an even lay, you take another leſs honeſt then ſhe. Chance governs in all Marriages, and Women ſhould be choſen blindfold.

After theſe Learned Sentences they went together towards the Senate, they met *Cato* by the way. Though *Pompey* and he were enemies, yet they forbore not, on occaſion, to talk together. *Cato* joyned himſelf to the two Brothers in Law, and they proceeded all three together to the Senate; whither, as they entred, *Cæſar* was accoſted by an unknown perſon, who delivered him a Letter, and whiſpered him in the ear, *That a fair Lady ſent it.* He believed it came from *Murcia*, and the preſence of *Pompey* made him bluſh. *Cato* who always diſtruſted his ambitious humor, and who was beſides naturally ſuſpitious, asked him what that Letter was. *'Tis nothing*, replied *Cæſar*, in ſomewhat a diſcompoſed manner, *You ſeem to me too much condemned*, replied *Cato*, *on ſo light a cauſe; that Letter certainly contains ſome attempts againſt the Commonwealth, and I ſummon you in your Countreys behalf to deliver it to be ſhown to the Senate. You are very troubleſome with*

your

your diſtruſts Cato, replied *Cæſar*. *I ſwear to you by all our Houſhold-Gods, this Letter contains onely Family buſineſs, wherein* Rome *is not at all concerned. You may ſpeak truth*, anſwered *Cato* haſtily; *but* Cæſar *you here receive a Letter viſibly diſcompoſes you, and you refuſe to ſhow it, when you are preſſed to it. What have you ſo ſecret to treat of, which* Rome *may not know? She entruſts you with all her deſigns, enterpriſes nothing without conſulting you; and her glory, and her ſafety, are committed to your diſcretion.*

This diſpute grew hotter, and *Cato* and *Cæſar* beginning to utter offenſive words, the Senate would know the difference. If *Cato* did calumniate *Cæſar*, it were fit he ſhould make him reparation, and if he ſpoke truth, it was of importance to examine the matter: It was therefore thought convenient to ſee the Letter in queſtion, and *Pompey* was nominated examiner of it. *Cæſar* who could not have any one he more ſuſpected, knowing *Cato* for a Wiſeman, and *Pompey*'s Enemy; and chuſing rather to truſt his diſcretion, then any other, gave him the Letter, which occaſioned the diſpute; and declaring his intentions to be ſo pure, he doubted

not

not his very accuſers. He in generous terms, exhorted *Cato* to make no ill uſe of the ſecret he now extorted from him. *Cato* retired to a Window to read the Letter privately, and opening it found what follows.

WHy ſhould you expoſe your ſelf to ſo many dangers to ſee what you love, there are Pleaſures deſtined for you to be had on eaſier terms, if you would pleaſe to taſte them; nor need you be forced to make troubleſome Diſcoveries, nor attempt any thing hazardous to arrive at them; for what mark of Love or Kindneſs, may you not, if you will, obtain from

SERVILIA.

Cato was diſtracted to find there his Siſters name, and giving ſome injurious words to the *Prætor*, which Hiſtory ſets down in expreſs terms, he flung out of the Senate in ſuch a huff, that his very countenance was changed. *Cæſar* was more ſurpriſed at the ſecond ſally, then he had been at the firſt, and following *Cato* to recover his Letter, he went along demanding of him, if he conſidered well what he did, and for what Reaſon he took

took so much interest in the concerns of his enemies. *Cato* would answer to none of these questions, but getting him home with a hast outstript *Cæsars*, he goes to add new fuel to *Servilia*'s indignation. *Cæsar* much troubled for the hard fate of his Letter, and willing by any means to retreive it, bethought himself of *Cato*'s sister to aid him in this extremity, he knew that she vehemently loved him; and though he were become unworthy of that love, by his neglect of it, yet he had learnt, that the most violent anger of that kind is blown away at the first appearance of a returning Heart. He writes to *Servilia*, protests that love reduced him to his duty; and making a light apology for what was past, conjures her now to give him the opportunity of extending his Passion. *Cato* had given such orders at home, this Letter could not be delivered, as it was addressed, it was in short intercepted, and *Cæsars* dissembling, passing with *Cato* for a perseverance in offending him, he resolved to revenge the injury, by letting *Pompey* know the wrong *Cæsar* did his Sister. The union of these two Brother in Laws had for a long time been an eyesore to

Cato

Cato, and he had ſecretly ſought occaſions to reconcile himſelf to *Pompey*, and to convince him of *Cæſars* ambition, he now ſends for his friend *Munatius*, and inſtructing him what he had to do, he gave him the two Letters on which he grounded his accuſation. This *Munatius* muſt ſurely be of a very inſinuating ſpirit, for he it was who had perſwaded *Cato* to lend his Wife for ſome years to *Hortenſius*, and to take her again when *Hortenſius* was weary of her. He goes to *Pompey*, and aggravating *Cæſars* ingratitude, who after having been admitted into ſo illuſtrious an Alliance, had made himſelf unworthy of it by his diſloyalty to *Pompeia*. *I know*, added he, *you love not* Cato, *and I perceive you could ſcarce forbear laughing at the humorous part he played yeſterday in the Senate. Your factions are different, and in the intereſts you have to ſupport you, are ſo frequently of oppoſite judgments, none can conclude you other then enemies. But Sir, this ſort of hatred, though it may deſtroy Society, ſhould not hinder your eſteem for* Cato, *whilſt I am ſure* Cato *preſerves his for the* Great Pompey. *He is juſtly incenſed againſt* Cæſar, *you ought to contribute to his ſatisfaction, and beſides*

thoſe

those Reasons of Equity which are in common among all generous enemies, there are many particular ones to induce you to stop the course of this intrigue. Cæsar *has espoused your Sister, the faults he commits by breach of conjugal Faith, are of ill example to her, and perhaps the story of the good Goddess, was but the reprizal of an offended Wife.*

Pompey received *Munatius* advice, like one designed advantage by it, and assured him he would employ his credit with *Cæsar*, to interrupt his commerce with *Servilia*; but in his Soul, he designed nothing less then this Tyranny: He was a good and an easie Friend, who entred not into his Friends secrets farther then they desired, and onely required from their friendship, a compliance without constraint, he goes into his Wives Chamber, and tells her with much breaking forth into laughter, what *Munatius* had told him. *Murcia* found not the story so pleasant as it appeared to her Husband, she often changed colour, during its rehearsal; and reading *Cæsars* Letter with a grief, appeared to *Pompey* somewhat serious. *Why*, said he, *do not you think it admirable that* Cato, *the wise* Cato, *should draw a vexation upon himself, so little designed*

signed him? Had you seen with what perverseness he forced Cæsar to shew him Servilia's Letter, you could not read its contents without laughing as much as I do. The adventure is indeed something extraordinary, replied Marcia; and if Cæsar had not been concerned in it, I should have found pleasure enough to see Cato's mistrust so punished; but I have so much interest in what touches the Husband of your Sister, that I cannot without grief inform my self of the treason wherewith these Letters convince him. This kind of Treason wrongs not the reputation of a Gentleman, replied Pompey, on the contrary it establishes and adds to it; their worth is judged of by the quality of their love; and the Sister of Cato being eminent both for Birth and Beauty, an intrigue with her cannot be dishonourable to the Gallant. Aurelia may prophesie some misfortune to her Son, if she hears he violates conjugal faith; and Pompeia may revenge her self by some disobedience; but these accidents (a part which as you can well judge) are not the most troublesome of our life. I would give Cæsar as soon Joy for this conquest, as I would for that of the Gauls.

Cæsar came in as Pompey finished this discourse, Marcia fearing she should not

be able to master her Passion, in the presence of a Lover, she now believed false, retired into her Closet; and *Pompey* who was in a humor to be merry, putting on a grave countenance, which he had much a do to counterfeit, *I thought*, (says he to his Brother in Law) *I had made my friendship so valuable to you, that you would not publickly have renounced it, as you have done. Had none but I known the wrong you do our family, perhaps my love had been great enough to have concealed your faults, but to make* Cato *a witness of it, and that I must hear from my enemies, the injuries you do our Alliance, is a thing,* Cæsar, *I could not expect from you, and what surpasses the most detestable ingratitude.* Cæsar explaining of *Marcia*, what *Pompey* said to him of *Servilia*, changed colour at every word; his fury to have been betrayed by *Cato*, the despair wherein he represented *Marcia* in his mind, and the confusion he was in to find himself deserving the reproaches of *Pompey*, brought a colour in his face, mixt with shame and anger, that even changed the figure of his countenance. *Pompey* whose anger was counterfeit, and who knew nothing of what was in *Cæsars* Heart, had much ado to forbear laughing,

he turned his head another way to ſpin out the Comedy; and complaining of *Cæſar's* ſilence, as a contempt that aggravated his fault, he made him reſolve on a ſincere Confeſſion of his offence, and to aſk pardon for what was yet onely in deſign.

To take things in the utmoſt ſeverity (ſaid he) *the firſt ſteps towards an amorous Commerce, are ſomewhat uneaſie to dainty minds, and ſo far I may be criminal towards you; for I acknowledge our friendſhip required me to be ſcrupulous even to Letters; but* Pompey *I loved before friendſhip impoſed on me the Law of not loving, my love followed not our alliance, on the contrary our alliance has put a bridle on my love; and that which the conſideration I had for you, has confined within the limits of Innocent favor, had, without doubt, made farther progreſs, had not reſpect to you extinguiſhed my flames for* Murcia. *Murcia*, who from the Cloſet into which ſhe was retired, heard all was ſaid in the Chamber, when her name was pronounced, briskly ſallies forth. *Say* Servilia, Cæſar, (cried ſhe) *your Tongue miſtakes your Heart; 'tis from the Siſter of* Cato *you received a Letter ſome days ſince, as you went to the Senate, and*

not from the Wife of Pompey; *and pray Sir take heed what you say for the future, and commit no more such mistakes.* There needed no more to recal *Cæsar* into the right way of playing his game; *Was it not* Servilia, *that I named,* says he, without seeming to be moved. *No,* said *Murcia,* in an angry manner, *'twas my name you pronounced, I ask your Pardon, Madam,* continued *Cæsar*, *the presence of* Pompey *caused that mistake: But Madam, you are too well known to your Husband to be alarm'd at that undue application. Your Vertue is signalised, and this Letter,* said he, taking that *Pompey* held out of his hands, *is an easie rectifier of all*; with that he opened *Servilia*'s Letter, and by it understanding part of the truth, said all that a bold and wary Lover could do to draw himself out of the bryars: But *Pompey*'s spirit was too searching to have the change put upon him with such ease, he was dull and melancholly the rest of that day, and at night recalling to mind *Murcia*'s trouble at the reading *Cæsar*'s Letter, the confusion of his Gallant at *Pompey*'s first words, and his wives retiring, he drew thence two or three conjectures as just as they were grievous; he resolved to see

Servilia,

Servilia, to be by her enlightned in the obſcure ſence of her Letter. *Aurelia* who had ſome Alliance with *Cato*, would not engage in the animoſity of *Pompey*, but had entertained a civil commerce, between her houſe and *Servilia's*. *Pompey* goes next morning to viſit his Siſter, and making a politick pretence to authoriſe a ſecret conference with *Servilia*, he engages his Siſter, to oblige her to come to ſome place, where he might privately ſpeak with her. *I would draw from her ſome light touching a deſign of* Cato's, *important to my intereſts*, ſaid he, *and of which, I believe his Siſter has ſome knowledge*. *Pompeia* without examining whether *Pompey* ſpoke truth or diſſembled, cauſed one of *Cæſar's* People to be called, and ſent him to tell *Servilia*, ſhe deſired her company in a Garden *Pompey* had upon the *Tiber*, where there were many wonderful cloſe Alleys of great convenience. *Servilia* was at preſent there with *Cæſar*, who by agreement with *Murcia*, endeavored to manage her, and judging this Garden of *Pompey's* leſs expoſed then any other place, to the ſurpriſes of *Cato*, had choſen thoſe walks for the interview. One of *Servilia's* Wo-

men, who had received *Cæsar's* Message to her Mistress, seeing one of the *Prætors* people return, imagined him sent to hasten *Servilia*. *My Mistress is gone*, said she, *she is at* Pompey's *Garden, at this very time, thou hast nothing to do but return, and might have spared thy pains.* The Man returned to *Pompeia* with this Answer, it might have removed the suspitions of *Pompey*, seeing so direct an appearance of intrigue with *Servilia*, which discharged *Murcia* from the concern. But this good Mans jealousie was now grown to that excess, nothing could gain belief from him, but what his sences demonstrated, he comes with all hast to the Garden, and informing himself from the Gardners where those he sought were, expresly forbid the giving any notice of his arrival. *Cæsar* and *Servilia* were under a Bower, covered with Roses and Jessamines, made after the model of the Walks at *Capua*. *Pompey* slipt himself behind the thick Hedges, and getting softly within reach of their voices, he heard *Cæsar* say to *Servilia*. *You may easily judge, that if I had had any suspition of the truth, I would never have given your Letter to* Cato; *it was my part onely to conceal it from his sight, and*

Pompey

Pompey *was named by the Senate to read it.* But who could ever have thought your goodneſs, was proof againſt all my ingratitudes; and that after ſo great an indifference, never merited by you, you ſhould yet vouchſafe to remember Cæſar. *I complain not of your indiſcretion,* ſaid Servilia, *I loved with ſo much affection, I was not aſhamed my love ſhould be known; when a Paſſion is extream, it ſlights vain decencies, and they love weakly, whoſe diſcretion over-rules their deſires. Tell it in open Senate, that* Servilia *loves you, I conſent; but then make your ſelf worthy of that love, by ſacrificing to it your Paſſion for* Murcia. *I have told you already,* ſaid Cæſar, interrupting her, *that I loved* Murcia, *even before I knew what love was; this impreſſion on my firſt inclinations, cannot be effaced. I muſt love* Murcia *as long as my heart is capable of loving; but what I owe to* Pompey, *reſtrains my Paſſion in ſuch narrow bounds, th[illegible] not all incompatible with a more [illegible] gallantry. Call you then narrow bounds,* ſaid Servilia, interrupting, *thoſe diſcourſes your miſtake diſpenced with the night of the Feaſt of the* Good Goddeſs, *in thoſe amorous minutes, Did you at all remember* Pompey? *And if* Claudius *had been* Murcia, *could your con-*

ſideration for her Husband, have ſuppreſſed thoſe extaſies of Love, were expreſſed with ſo much violence. Claudius *aggravates things,* replied *Cæſar, the Ideas remaining to him of his converſation with* Pompeia, *makes him give a Character to mine, very far beyond the truth.* *Ah* Cæſar, ſaid *Servilia,* interrupting, *If what you ſaid to* Claudius, *believing him* Murcia, *had not been convincing, you would not have ſacrificed your reſentments to the neceſſity you ſtood in of the diſcretion of that young man. 'Twas not the fear of death made you ſo peaceable, your courage is above ſuch effeminate apprehenſions; and beſides the aſſurance you had, your Wives Gallant was diſguiſed in your houſe, had furniſhed you with a pretence to have been hid there; but you ſpoke in ſuch bindingterms, that it was a juſt debt to ſacrifice all to the repair of your imprudence. Well then,* ſaid *Cæſar,* whom *Claudius*'s indiſcretion had [redacted] to an exceeding anger. *It muſt be ſ[redacted]nce you will have it ſo, that I do love* Pompey's *Wife; and that I have expreſſed this love in terms, I feared ſhould be revealed. If you love me* Servilia, *as you would perſwade me, you ow ſome regard to what you believe I love. You change colour at this diſcourſe, and the moderation I*

requeſt,

requeſt, is doubtleſs not palatable to your jealouſie; but Servilia, Cæſar's *Soul is not to beſtormed by ordinary approaches, and you are in vain one of the faireſt perſons in* Rome; *if I find not wherewith to charm my Reaſon, I ſhall regard you onely with the indifferency of thoſe fair objects which pleaſe the ſight without moving the Heart: Would you have me love you, as much as you ſuſpect I love* Pompey's *Wife; you muſt ſacrifice to me all your anger againſt* Murcia: *Conceal what you know of the intrigue, and oblige* Claudius *to the ſame ſecreſie. Are you capable of doing this for* Cæſar? *yes* Cæſar, replied *Servilia*, briskly, *I am capable;* Claudius *ſhall never ſpeak more of it, and I will hold my tongue, but recompence my diſcretion with ſome marks of complacency, either feigned or true: I can do any thing for* Cæſar, *whilſt I am ſatisfied he loves me, but can anſwer for nothing when you neglect or abuſe my kindneſs. Spare a fruitleſs diſcretion,* cryed the ſecret witneſs to this diſcourſe, Pompey *knows all you would conceal; and if you aggravate the heart of* Cæſar, *it ſhall not be at the expence of* Pompey's *ignorance.*

The voice of *Murcia*'s Husband, which *Cæſar* ſoon knew, threw him into a miſerable

miserable confusion, he remained unmovable on the Bank where he sat, and *Scratch'd*, judging of the love he bore her Rival, by the perplexity the consideration wrought, conceived a malign joy at the adventure which she could not dissemble. *You know too much not to know all*, said she to *Pompey*, *who now entred the Bower*. *'Tis true* Cæsar *loves* Murcia, *and according to all appearance is not hated; but Sir, among people so intimate, as* Cæsar *and you, there should nothing be reserved. You are maliciously disposed*, said *Cæsar*, interrupting her, *you know in your own Soul*, Murcia *has reserved to her Husband alone, all essential things; and I swear to you* Pompey, *by all that is most Sacred in Heaven and Earth, and as a Man that makes Profession of Honor, That I never obtained any Grace from your Wife, might alarm a Rational Man. I may have had some pretence to hope it, but whether it were Chance crost me, or the address and management of* Murcia, *that hope never had effect. I will believe you* Cæsar, replied *Pompey* very coldly, *but as it is not enough for you that* Pompeia *be exempt from crime, unless she be from suspition; so 'tis too little for me, though* Murcia *continue chast, if she can conceive a thought*

of

of not being ſo. *Cæſar* took *Pompey* at the rebound, as he had done him before, he rehearſed all thoſe judicious Sentences he had cited to him on the diſguiſe of *Claudius*; but Counſels of what nature ſoever they be, loſe their efficacy with thoſe that gave them, when they paſs through a third Mouth. *Pompey* repudiated *Murcia*, and *Cæſar* to revenge himſelf of *Pompeys* rigor repudiated *Pompeia*. This diſ-union became publick, *Cæſar* and *Pompey* were divided with it: *Cato* made advantage of their contentions, as he had propoſed, and reconciling himſelf with *Pompey*, became afterwards one of the moſt obſtinate Enemies to *Cæſar*. *Murcia*'s Gallant, mad that his good intentions had ſuch ill ſucceſs, revenged the Caprichios of Fortune on the indiſcreet *Claudius*, he exaſperated *Cicero* againſt him, who accuſed him in the Senate, and freely proſecuted his profanation of the feaſt. This accuſation forced *Claudius* to withdraw from *Rome*; and *Cæſar* not content with this voluntary exile, had in all likelihood purſued his vengeance to his ruine, had not his voyage among the *Gauls*, and the Victories he there gained, diverted his dire reſolutions.

He

He had many gallant intrigues, during the ten years, that War continued: Love followed him among Strangers, and forsook him not even in the Field of Battel, he found Beauties among the *Gauls*, as perfect as those of *Italy*, he loved on the Banks of the *Rhine*, and love left him not when he passed that River, he judged the *English* Ladies worthy the reputation they have gained in the whole World. He dedicated some time to the delights of *Capua*, like another *Hannibal*, and his adventures with *Cleopatra*, are famous in all History; but the life of *Cæsar* is fertile enough in such adventures, to afford several Relations. Let us stop here, and find a second *Hero* in *Rome*, as we have found a Second Sage in *Athens*.

The End of the Loves of Julius Cæsar.

THE

THE LOVES OF Great Men.

CATO of UTICA.

WHen coldness between Friends destroy not their Esteem, the Reconciliation that follows makes their Friendship the more fervent. *Cato* and *Pompey's* first love proceeded only from a knowledge they had of each others Merit, which constrained them to a good will; and though that by some politick reasons were lull'd asleep, yet when things were reaccomodated, it became

between these two great Men a solid and violent Friendship, not expiring but with their lives: They were together in the same Garden where *Pompey* over-heard the Discourse between *Cæsar* and *Servilia*, and the sight of the Bower where it was held calling into *Pompeys* mind the troubles he felt during that entertainment.

What a strange kind of Madness, (said he to *Cato*) *is that point of honour a Husband places in his Wives Chastity! Why should the glory of a man depend on a Caprichio, of which he is not Master? When a General flies out of terrour of his Enemy 'tis a personal remissness, and 'tis fit that he who commits the fault should suffer the disgrace; but when my Wife acts a Gallantry, I contribute neither by Connivance nor Counsel, and yet the whole shame of the Action lights on my head. Who told you so* (said *Cato*, interrupting him) *I perceive not that an honest man is less esteemed by reasonable People, because his Wife is not exactly tender of that we call honour in her Sex. I am sure he ought not to be,* reply'd *Pompey, but yet Custome gives Authority to this injustice, and the title given to a Husband whose Wife is unchast, is one of the greatest*

Ignominies

Ignominies can be thrown on him. Hold, hold, said *Cato*, interruping him, and shaking his head, *I esteem my self not a wise the less for having seen* Martia *in* Hortensius *his Armes, and would take her again when forsaken by her Lover as the relict of one of my best friends, if at least I found any benefit by doing it. This is not the sort of moderation that surprizes me,* reply'd *Pompey*, Martia *should not be look'd upon by you as a disloyal Woman, you surrendred her to* Hortensius *by contract in form of Law, and were forced to make use of all the power you had over her, to oblige her to ratifie your Gift. All things in this life wear two faces,* Pompey, (reply'd *Cato*) *and they show to the good or bad but just as the prudence of man knows how to hold the light to them. Listen to what I never told any but* Munatius, *and judge of the sincerity of my returne to friendship to you, by the secret wherewith I shall intrust you.*

Martia *is (as you well know Sir) perhaps one of the fairest persons of the world; I loved her dearly, and thought she loved me as well. The charmes of her Soul had preserved, and gave new life in my heart to those flames which Marriage usually extinguishes; I found* Martia *more worthy of*

love

love when I absolutely and perfectly knew her, then when decency and good manners conceal'd a part of her merit; and, if the words of a Woman may have any credit with a well-grounded understanding, Martia acknowledg'd to have found in me all I discover'd in her: I am in the exterior severe, but this severity is only in appearance; I am in private sociable, and love divertisement like other men; and Martia us'd to tell me, I prov'd a more loving Husband then she durst hope for when I was but her Lover, she would often say, that that Cato which permitted himself to be seen by his familiar friends, was not that Cato shew'd himself to the Senate and Common-wealth, and methought she spoke truth. I justify'd her opinion with all the complacencies a wife could expect from the best of Husbands; and those who are perswaded they deserve any ones kindness, easily believe they possess it. I had an absolute confidence in Martia's faith, she might have betray'd me before my own eyes without fear of conviction, she perceiv'd without doubt this advantage, and would not let it lie fallow. Hortensius is a handsome Man, his riches vast, which make his expence easie, and Women naturally weak are sooner taken with glittering

then

then ſolidity: Hortenſius *was captiv'd by* Martia's *beauty, and* Martia *yielded her ſelf to* Hortenſius *gayety; diſpence with me from telling you how they did declare their thoughts, I have not entred into ſo nice a deduction of the Story:* Martia *has betray'd me, ſhe is at preſent the Wife of* Hortenſius; *great things alwayes preſuppoſe the leſs, and when effects ſpeak, a diſcourſe of the wayes is needleſs.* Hortenſius *got admiſſion into my House by becoming a feigned ſervant to my younger Siſter* Portia, *being a perſon both of great honour and as great riches, his propoſitions were eaſily liſtned to, but* Druſus Livius *our Uncle, under whom we had all been bred, and whom we reſpect as a Father, is a Man infinitely ſcrupulous in the Cuſtomes of his times, and would never conſent to marry* Portia *the younger before* Servilia *her elder Siſter; you know* Servilia, *and many other perſons know her as well as you, and that Matches for Maids of her humour are rare to be found out.* Hortenſius *was therefore forced to prepare himſelf for patience; He at firſt made it mighty difficult, but has ſince acknowledged to* Munatius *that it was a difficulty he foreſaw, and for the reaſon of which alone he choſe to ask* Portia *rather then* Servilia. *The in-*

tentions of this ſuppoſed Lover appeared to us as ſincere as they were falſe, we endeavoured to ſupport his patient expectation with a very ſtrait familiarity, he had the ſame liberty in my houſe and my Uncles as if he had been my own brother, and he continually ſeem'd to behave himſelf more and more worthy of the love he profeſſed to my Siſter; My Wife grew not at all Jealous of him, ſhe had ſo well made up conditions of accord with her Lover in that point, that whatever was done for Portia *was placed to the account of* Martia; *but, it happened not ſo, nor was ſhe ſo juſt with him in the caſe of* Lucia *Daughter of* Druſus; *ſhe there lookt upon as ſeeds of Love, what was indeed but a ſimple Civility; and theſe ſuſpitions troubling and diſturbing her humour, which was naturally ſomewhat imperious, ſhe writ to* Hortenſius *in theſe termes.*

I *Believe I deſerve to be beloved,* Hortenſius, *and that opinion makes me eaſily believe you do love me: I have done no leſs for you. Theſe diſpoſitions of our hearts may as you perhaps think raiſe ſome trouble in mine at the ſight of your inconſtancy; but* Hortenſius, *expect not that glory: I ſhall behold your change with as much tranquility*

quility as ſcorn, and 'tis by that effect of my courage I deſign to make you know what you loſe when you loſe.

She was doubtleſs about to write the Name of *Martia*, but I gave her not time; I had been at the houſe *Druſus* had built in the Marches of *Ancona*, and had once deſigned to ſpend ſome time there, but an oppreſſing Melancholly making me apprehend ſomething had happened to *Martia*, that fear made me poſt home to rid me of the Suſpition of it, and taking upon me the humour of Gallant, that I might ſurprize my Wife with my arrival, I had forbid my People giving her notice; I ſurprized her indeed as I deſigned, but alaſs not with ſuch a ſurprize as my blind paſſion flatter'd; ſhe turn'd her head as I entred into the Chamber, and I obſerv'd a ſtrange kind of trouble in her face, I paid her as much reſpect as I ſhould have done reproach, taking for a ſign of love what proceeded from another principle: I cannot remember I ever carreſſed her with more obliging kindneſſes then at this return. She might have hid the *Letter* ſhe had writ if ſhe would; the joy

of seeing again my *Martia* so transported me, that I neither observed what she was doing, nor should not have taken notice of whatever she had pleased to do; but, whether she imagined me more quick-sighted, or whether being one of the most witty Women in the World, she apprehended cunning was never better concealed then under the cloak of Ingenuity. *I was*, said she to me smiling, *in a pleasant employ when you just entred, I was writing a Love Letter.* I smil'd in a careless confident way at this discourse, which was soon observed by my Wife, *I see you believe me not*, continu'd she, *but read what is in that Paper and you will perceive I tell no untruth:* I was so prevented by *Martia*'s wisdome, that I was not at all moved by this *Letter*, but as it was, and had been my divertisement to draw new assurances of the happiness I thought I enjoy'd; I feign'd some amazement at it, and asked *Martia* what that *Letter* signify'd? she took a Pen, without giving me an answer, and setting down the name of *Portia* where hers should have stood, *See there*, said she, showing it me, *the resolution of the Riddle, I went yesterday into your Sisters Closet, when she*

was

was not there, a Letter dictated much after this rate lay on the Table, I read it, and found the Contents so singular, that I endeavour'd to preserve it in my memory to show you at your coming home; but added she, seeing me begin to look serious, *do not disclose my theft lest you make me fall out with* Portia. *I will not speak of this Letter to my Sister*, reply'd I, *there is nothing in it but is authorized both by* Drusus *orders and my own, but I will advise* Hortensius *to be more Regular in his conduct, his suite to* Portia *has gone now too farr not to have its full effect, and if it be true that he has given her any just cause of complaint, I shall not be satisfy'd with those excuses wherewith such lightnesses are ordinarily colour'd.* *Martia* told me it was not convenient for me to concern my self in this business; that it was a little quarrel between Lovers which Love would conclude upon the first interview. *I vallue not Love at all*, said I interrupting her, *Hortensius passion for my Sister is an affair too serious to be mixed with the revolutions of Gallants intrigues:* And thereupon whatever *Martia* could say to stop me, I went directly to seek *Hortensius*, he was walking alone near the Tribunal for Orations. *Hor-*

tenſius, ſaid I, with a compoſed countenance, *they ſeldome go unpuniſh'd who make ſport of Men of my ranck; I never ſollicited you to love* Portia, *the propoſitions were made by your ſelf; and, without too much boaſting my race and my authority,* Druſus *believ'd he honour'd you in accepting you for his* Nephew; *and yet I am inform'd that you treat of this affair as a trifle, and intend to make a matter of ſport of the engagement of your word with the Siſter of* Cato.

I (ſaid *Hortenſius*, not a little diſcompos'd) *I make a trifle of my Engagements with your family? Pray Sir, from whom have you advice carries ſo little ſence with it? From* Portia *her ſelf* (reply'd I) *and, to ſhow you I ſay nothing without foundation, read this Letter, and judge if I am informed of your deportment herein.* Hortenſius *changed collour,* ſurpriz'd as I believe, *to receive from my hand a Love-Letter from my Wife.*

The Perſon that gave you this Letter, ſaid he, turning a little his head, *has a mind to create mirth to himſelf at your expence, it comes not from* Portia. *I know it,* (ſaid I) *but its being in* Martia's *hand changes nothing of the thing, 'tis ſufficient that*

Letter

Letter is coppied from one, you have, or ſhould have received this morning from my Siſter.

Had I known then what I have ſince, *Hortenſius* his very looks would have told me what he thought whilſt I thus diſcourſed; but, at that preſent, I attributed all his changes of countenance to his confuſion.

You alarme your ſelf without reaſon, (ſaid he) *I have not in my nature ſuch lightneſs as I am ſuſpected with; I love nothing but what I have loved, and what I ſhall love till I die: this is an aſſurance of which I conjure you to become my ſecurity, and that you may without ſcruple do me that ſervice, I call all the gods to witneſs I ſpeak truth, and may they puniſh me in your ſight if I do not.*

I did what he deſired without thinking I did it, and relating faithfully all this diſcourſe to *Martia*, gave her freſh aſſurances of the love and conſtancy of her Gallant: I remember there eſcaped her from time to time little effluctions of joy, which ſhe could ſcarce reſtrain within the limits of a ſmile, but I made no reflexion on them. She took upon her to relate to *Porcia* what had paſſed between

Hortensius and me; and, when I offer'd to ease her of that recital, she perswaded it would not be convenient for me to concerne my self in that commerce: *Preserve your countenance of authority with your Sisters*, said she, *you know not what need there may be of it; it is not fit to become too familiar with persons we would pretend to a right of Commanding; and, if you'l be advised by me, I will tell* Portia *that you are ignorant of the liberty she assumes of writing to* Hortensius, *and make her apprehensive of your knowledge of it. I approv'd* Martia's *Counsel, and prais'd it, because I thought it Judicious. You then return'd from your* Asiatick *Victories, and the great actions you had done in that part of the World, having made a triumph a debt to you, you yet thought you ought some recompence to the applause of the People. You show'd them a fight of wild Beasts,* Martia *could not be present at this Spectacle, she had got a slip which confin'd her to her bed, and my Sisters seldome appearing in publick, but in her company, staid likewise with her. I know not whether her jealousie were renewed by some new complacencies of* Hortensius *for* Lucia; *or, if finding me so perfect in the part I had play'd*

play'd upon her Letter, she thought it pleasant to make me play it over again: But she told me that very morning of the spectacle, that she suspected Lucia *was become the object of* Hortensius *new inclinations, that she had observed some favorable glances pass between them; and adding, it was fit to be searched into, and not suffer him to be in treaty at once, with my Sister, and my Cosin, she engaged me to observe that day the carriage of her lover; she had reason to be well satisfied with my report of it. The Officers who appoint the Seats in the Amphitheatres, had placed* Hortensius *in the number of the young Men of our Family, part of which he was already reputed, and side by side with* Lucia, *he loudly demanded another Seat; but not obtaining it from the Officers, who show but little tractableness on these occasions, he affected an indifference with* Lucia *almost amounting to incivility, she spoke to him twice or thrice, and he answered her without looking at her, I observed more plainly how he shun'd giving her his hand to help her down from the Amphitheatre.*

I brought this good news to Martia, *and not content to have done such a service for her Gallant to her, the next morning I did*

the

the like for her to him, I found him at Cicero's, *whom I went to pay a visit to, on the marriage of his Daughter with* Lentulus, *I took him aside. The Sacrifice, said I, you yesterday offered to* Portia, *will not be lost to you, I observed all your coldness to* Lucia, *and have desired* Martia *to acquaint your Mistress with it.* Hortensius *lookt at me in a way that has since explained to me what I then knew not. You must not be concerned at my observance, continued I, I was a secret Spie upon you,* Martia *had for my Sisters sake enjoyned me to take some heed to your actions, I have given her a good account, and am confident, you will perceive it the first discourse you have with* Portia. Hortensius *could not contain himself to see me so excessive a Wittal, but burst out into a violent laughter, till perceiving I began to look grave upon it, and by my countenance approved not the sally. I ask your pardon* (said he in retiring) *I know the respects ought to be had to your wisdom; but it is so pleasant to me, to hear what I now hear from you, that my weak Sence could not restrain it self at this circumstance. I heard afterwards, that he went directly from* Cicero's *to my House, and let me beg you to represent to your self, the Scene he had there to play*

with

with Martia *on the score of my confidence.*

This intrigue lasted all the time of my Voyage to Cyprus, *and would have lasted still for ought I know, if the danger into which I was thrown some days after my return, had not furnished me with an occasion to open my eyes. You may remember well, that thinking my self obliged to favor* Domitian, *my particular friend, and now* Portia's *Husband, I undertook to have him preferred before you to the Consulate. I brought him to the Field of* Mars, *where you know the election is made, and carried on his interests with so much heat, that your party began a disturbance, a tumult arose, and I was in danger of my life, I received a wound with an Arrow in my right arm; I perceived not my self hurt, during the heat of the conflict, but our faction yielding under the power of yours; and being constrained to save my self by those little by-ways that abut upon the* Campus Martius, *I there began to feel the smart I remembred* Martia's *Nurse lived near that place, and into her House I went to bind up my wound; the Woman grew pale at sight of me, which I thought might proceed from her, being frightned at sight of my Blood. This*

is

is nothing my good friend, said I, give me onely a piece of Linnen to make me a Roller: The little house wherein this Woman dwelt, contained onely a very small Hall where I was, and another Room wherein she lay, and kept her Chests. Alass Sir, said she, half distracted, I have not a Rag to give you, all I have is in that little Room you see, of which my Husband has carried out the Key. I told her she must send for a Smith, she said there was none thereabouts. I bled vehemently, and began to find my self grow weak. I endeavored to break open the door, which not being very strong, was no hard matter to do; but I had no more need of any Linnen to stanch my Blood. What I beheld at the opening that door, seised me with such a Palsie, you might have cut all my Veins, and not let out a drop. There was my disloyal Martia *shut up with* Hortensius; *the confusion the sight of me wrought in them, appeared to me a guilty distraction. I saw enough for any Husband that loved his Wife, and I believed I saw more then I did. Ah* Pompey *'tis in vain that love of our selves makes us aspire to the Philosophical insensibility; which lifts up the Wise Man above all Accidents; Men are but Men, and what ever care they take to raise themselves above Nature, the first*

movers

movers will ſtill keep their courſe. I fell into a ſeat that ſtood by chance behind me, and ſometimes looking on Hortenſius, *ſometimes on* Martia, *I ſought in their eyes that which would have made me mad to find, and perſwading my ſelf of my misfortune, without being willing to believe it, I forced my ſelf to think that a Dream, which the impreſſion of my grief, aſſured me, was too much a truth.*

Martia, *not able to endure my ſight, went out without having power to ſpeak one word,* Hortenſius *followed her example, and my Fury increaſing, as my ſurpriſe grew leſs, I was about to run into the utmoſt extremities, if* Munatius, *who followed me at ſome diſtance, had not come in to the releif of my decaying* Prudence; *he found me ſo changed, that he believed me more wounded then I was, he ſet himſelf to comfort me, but kindly repulſing him with my hand, I conjured him not to think of my wound, and told him it was become the leaſt of my miſeries. He attributed this Deſpair, to the ill ſucceſs of my undertaking, and compoſing his countenance to gravity began to upbraid me with weakneſs.*

How, said he, *can the election of one Consul for another, put* Cato *into such a dumps? What is become of his so much boasted Courage? Return to your self* Cato, *and remember you are accomptable to Posterity, for the esteem which* Rome *has given you. I acknowledge*, replied I feebly, *that 'tis an Election puts me into the despair you find me, but alaß it is not that of a new Consul. At that word I grew senceleß, but* Munatius *forgetting no offices of a true friend, to give me what assistance was necessary, I soon recovered. My Wound was dreßt, for it seems* Martia *was run out onely to fetch a Chirurgion; and* Munatius *having sent for a Litter, they carried me home,* Martia *followed me at a distance, bath'd in her tears for what had hapned to her. The People looked upon them as proceeding from an effect of conjugal Love, though they had a quite contrary cauße, and praising her for what merited eternal blame, 'twas from this action she gained that reputation of Vertue with which* Rome *has favored her. She durst not see me neither that day, nor many following, but intrusted* Munatius *with Justification. She protested that* Hortensius *was in the House without being sent for, and if she swore truth, she was not resolved to speak to him, when she had seen him,*

him, but onely to break off all commerce for the future. She acknowledged she had been sensible of his merits, and declared likewise to Munatius *all I have told you of the secret of the intrigue; but she protested that sensibility had still been kept within the bounds of desire, without ever coming to act. I should possibly have become less severe in time* (added she) *had I given my self over to the inclinations of my heart, that secreet esteem which I dispensed with, had gained more power then I perceived or thought of; and it was to reduce it to its duty that I was forbidding* Hortensius *my sight, when* Cato *surprised us together, swear on my part, That all our discourse tended to this prohibition; and if the sincerity you may have observed in the Confessions I make you, deserve any trust with you, procure me the favor of* Cato, *and be assured he shall never have cause to repent it.*

Munatius *acquitted himself faithfully of the Commission he had received, he endeavored to justifie what was past, and forgot nothing to make me hope better for the future; but both his Zeal and his Eloquence were fruitless. I had loved* Martia *too well to be reclaimed from a suspition that he had betrayed me; I would repudiate her, and had*

been

been hurried to ſome more memorable revenge had I been governed by my own thoughts: For I imagined in theſe occaſions, my fury was to take its dimentions from my love, and that the life of Martia *was the onely fit ſacrifice to the Paſſion I had for her.* Munatius *who was not of my mind, oppoſed my Severity with all the Reaſons he conld alledge.*

The Evil, Cato, ſaid he, *which you complain of, is not an evil in effect, 'tis onely a Chimera founded upon your imagination.* Hortenſius *was as much beloved by your Wife before your Voyage to* Cyprus, *as he is at preſent. If that Mans happineſs were to be regarded by you as a real evil, you would have felt the rigor of it more then, than now; yet you then thought to enjoy a perfect happineſs, and now account your ſelf the moſt unfortunate of all Men. Are your Wives merits at all augmented? Are the Laws of Marriage changed? In ſhort, What is happened ſhould diſturb your mind more now, then at that time? I know now my misfortunes, and I could wiſh to be ignorant of them, anſwered I very ſadly.*

You ſee then, continued *Munatius, that your grief is onely a fancy, you are wounded now at this time I ſpeak to you; 'twould be*

in

in vain to conceal your Wound from you; you see it, you feel it, and 'tis that we may call a true grief; but to give that name to a thing you have born several years without being sensible of it; believe me, Cato *is to subvert all Rules of Philosophy. I could no longer hear these Arguments,* Martia *had betrayed me, and I would be revenged, and whatever withstood my vengeance, seemed contrary to Reason.* Munatius *bethought himself of a secret to reclaim my understanding, he feigned to submit to my obstinacy; and proposing to me the Marriage of* Hortensius *with* Martia, *as a punishment of their crime, perswaded me I might better revenge my self this way then any other. The jealousie of Husbands never breaks forth,* says he, *but to their shame and disparagement, their violence aggravates their grief, and their fury ill trained in the art of satisfaction, serves onely to adorn that triumph it would prevent; let not* Hortensius *have the glory to pass in* Rome *for the favored Gallant of* Cato's *Wife, the opinion had of Mans happiness, is often more essential then happiness it self. Why should you procure it for your rival? Rather make him share the danger to which he has exposed you, he de-*

ſerves at beſt no better then Cato. Martia *will doubtleſs treat him as ſhe has treated you, or were he ſo happy to eſcape it, he will at leaſt feel the diſcontent to imagine you deſpiſe* Martia, *ſince you quit her to him; that very thought will leſſen his happineſs. 'Tis ſmall ſatisfaction to the vanity of mankind, to be themſelves perſwaded of the value of what they poſſeſs: If all the world think it not precious, and your ſeeming indifference creating a real diſguſt in the heart of this new Husband; he will be the revenger of* Martia's *diſloyalty, whilſt ſhe revenges you on* Hortenſius *raſhneſs, I ſurrendred to theſe Reaſons, and* Munatius *undertaking the management of it, that ſo ſingular Marriage which Antiquity has no example for; and which, I believe will be as rare in times to come, was concluded in the manner I have told you.*

I ſigned to my Wives Contract, Hortenſius *received her from my hand, as if ſhe had been my Daughter; and they lived as peaceably together, as if I had been dead, or* Martia *never the Wife of* Cato.

And would you take this Wife again, cryed *Pompey*, when *Cato* had finiſhed his ſtory, *I would neither take her, nor any*

other; if I could dispence with it, replied *Cato. But suppose I were necessitated to marry, and that* Martia *would return to me, she has given me such prejudice against all her Sex, that I believe all Women equally unperfect; and if misfortune on misfortune must come, that we are prepared for, is more supportable then that surprises us. I know not,* replied *Pompey*, interrupting him, *Whether the jealousie of Lovers be more violent then that of Husbands? But* Flora *found not me so tractable as* Martia *is like to find you. Pray,* said *Cato, since we are upon the recital of these secret intrigues, let me hear the sum of that story.*

Flora *was but a Curtizan, but by her beauty became so famous, that her love to you is none of the least presents you have received from your good Fortune; and the secret of your breach with her, has come to the knowledge of so few, that I shall be highly obliged if you intrust me with it.*

I care not for falling into that Discourse, replied *Pompey, it is not for* Flora's *advantage; and though 'tis true, she was but a Curtizan, yet I once so dearly loved her, I still preserve a respect for her; but it is fit I sacrifice something to the desires of* Cato,

nor ſhall it ever be ſaid I refuſed the firſt mark of friendſhip demanded after our reconciliation.

'Tis difficult to define, that Love agrees with my Nature, *it has all the violencies of debauchery, and yet has ever been reſtrained within the bounds of Vertue. 'Tis a conjugal tie muſt put a ſtop to my Heart; and where other Mens deſires enter into their Tomb, and are buried, mine receive Spring and Life. I ſhowed ſuch overflowings of Paſſion to* Antiſtia, *my firſt Wife, That People of my Age reproached me with it, as an extremity of weakneſs. I had been no leſs kind to* Sylla's *Daughter, had I had time to have perceived I was her Husband; and the diſloyal* Martia *will aſſure all the World, that it was not any coldneſs or indifference of mine inſpired her with the deſign of betraying me. Such a particular inclination agreed not with the title of Curtizan, which we cannot diſpence with the giving to* Flora; *but could I at that time have foreſeen, ſhe would ever have deſerved it, ſhe ſhould never have been the Miſtreſs of* Pompey; *but ſhe tendred her ſelf to my heart in ſuch honeſt appearances, that they overcame all ſcruples.*

I was one day with Cæcilius Metellus, *in the Temple of* Caſtor *and* Pollux, *which was then to be dedicated, and to take care of its adorning,* Metellus *had Commiſſion from the Senate; he diſcharged his truſt with as much care as magnificence, and that I might be a witneſs of it, he had then carried me into the Temple: I there beheld many Pictures of an exquiſite perfection, and among the reſt, one of the Conception of the Twins, where* Leda *was repreſented ſo fair, it was impoſſible to look on her, and not envy the divine Swan that enjoyed her. The Painter who drew this piece, ſaid I to* Metellus, *had his fancy very excellent, and extraordinary; it were to be wiſht Nature were as perfect in her Lineaments, we ſhould not then ſee ſo many ill faces as we daily do. Nature deſerves all the praiſes you give the Painter,* replied *Metellus, that face of* Leda's *is taken from a young* Roman, *whoſe Beauty far exceeds that repreſentation you there ſee.*

Is it poſſible, cried I, that there can be a Woman in Rome, *as fair as that painting, and ſhe not be as famous as the* Capitol, *and other Singularities of the City?*

The young Flora *whom this Picture represents,* answered *Metellus, is of so mean a Birth, that she has been as it were buried in that obscurity, she is onely the daughter of a Mechanick; and if he had not formerly wrought in my House,* Flora *had been as unknown to me as to all other people of quality; but* Pompey, *that low Birth has not despoil'd* Flora *of a great Soul: 'Tis a small matter to see this Portraict, and to know that it flatters not the Original. I will tell you, to perfect her description, that I have loved this Maid for above two years, and that there are no marks of Love capable to beget a sence of it, in persons of her Character and Condition, which she has not received of me. I load her with presents, I maintain the whole Family, and would inrich it for ever, if* Flora *would but comply with my desires; but imperious as she is, she disdains all my offers, and stands more on her Beauty, then I can, either on my Birth or Quality. She believes she should honor me in accepting me for her Husband, if my Passion could carry me to that extravagance.*

Flora entred the Temple as *Metellus* ended his Discourse, she came to sit for some touches of a Picture wherein *Cly-*

temnestra

semnestra was represented under some of her Features.

I protest I was dazled with the Beauty of the Maid, and if I may say it, she thought me not unworthy to be considered, she blush'd as soon as her eyes met with mine, she look'd earnestly at me when I feigned to look off her, and she seem'd troubled to turn away, when I surpris'd her with a glance. I prais'd her Beauty exceedingly, and I told Metellus *he had administred a necessary preservative, when he had told me of her cruelty; she bravely defended her self from that quality, and told* Metellus *in a pretty scornful way, that often the title of Cruelty was given to what was but a result of right Reason; and at the pronouncing that word, turning her eyes towards me, methought I read in them a destiny happier for me then that of* Metellus. *You know well such favorable encouragements are seldom neglected I caused* Flora *be followed to learn her dwelling, and on the morrow pretended some necessary business to employ her Father in, and made use of the Occasion to speak with her.*

I was at this time a Widower, having buried Sylla's *Daughter, and not yet fallen in league with* Murcia, *so that I looked upon an*

intrigue with Flora to be the moſt pleaſing amuſement of my mind I could find out. Sympathy had prepared me the way, I need but ſpeak to be liſtned to, and I fancy, had I kept ſilence, I had been intreated to break it. Facility generally diſguſts delicated nice Minds, but it produces a contrary effect, when a Lover regards it as a miracle of Love. That of Flora had this Character. What Metellus had told me of the Vertue of this Maid, what I daily diſcovered of the Reputation ſhe had gained; and more then all that, ſomewhat of a ſincere preſſing forward of my heart, and fully diſcovering to me that of my Miſtreſs, perſwaded me that all the love in her was new, and that no Star in the World but Pompey's, could have had that influence.

You may judge by what I have told you, of the diſcourſe I had with Metellus, he could be no long time without perceiving my good Fortune; he had a mind to be cleared in his ſuſpitions, and Flora thinking her Love an Honor, never took the pains to diſguiſe it to my Rival.

Yes Metellus, ſaid ſhe, I love Pompey, one main circumſtance would be wanting to my happineſs, if you ſhould not know his;

and

and my heart would be an offering unworthy so great a Man, should it not be accompanied with a sacrifice of your desires.

This Declaration making Metellus observe as much Disdain in it as Ingenuity, transported his Jealousie almost to a Fury; I was forced to use all my credit and authority to rescue Flora's family from the effects of his anger, and had he not died about that time, he had possibly done by stratagem, what he could not do by open force. His death leaving me in a peaceable possession of the fair and loving Flora, I cannot say I ever passed more happy time, then the first five or six Moneths of this intrigue; but there's no happiness lasting here below; and Man would forget the end for which he was born, if the Providence of the Wise God did not mix his pleasures with some pain. Geminius, the Companion of my Studies, and Comrade of my Travels, and whom next Flora I loved more then all the World, became unhappily in love with this fair Maid, I concealed from him none of the secrets of my Soul, he knew my Love, and representing to himself the dispair into which I should fall, if I should find my self betrayed by Flora, used incredible endeavors to suppress this powerful inclination. The Com-

bats

bats of the Soul are more dangerous to a sensible Man, then the most Bloody Battles. Geminius *fell grievously sick, I stir'd not from his Bed-side, and* Flora *who could forbear my sight no more then I hers, spent whole days with me in this sick Mans Chamber. Our love was violent, and scarce contained it self before suspected witnesses, but we constrained it not before our best Friends.*

I was still speaking kind and feeling things to Flora, *and she answered me in terms every way as touching, our eyes made a continual commerce of eloquent glances, and the most indifferent things were advanced to profit by our laborious Passion, every thing turning into an occasion of expressing the warmth of our desires. Judge into what condition we put the passionate and discreet* Geminius; *he was brought to that extremity, that the Physitians gave him over; and when he felt his death approaching he declared to me the cause of it. The Friendship I had for* Geminius, *could not be balanced by any thing, but my love to* Flora; *were I to have parted with my life to save my friends, I should have given it without reflexion; but when I understood* Flora *was the concern,*

vern, I asked time to resolve; resolve nothing Pompey said the dying Geminius, I discovered not my grief to find a remedy; I am too happy to die for that I love best in the World, and though your generosity would contribute to my recovery, I know it depends not on you, your happiness is so great, it dazles you, and you see but a part of it. I am (since so Destiny pleases) more clear sighted, I have observed particulars in the love of Flora, that destroy the confidence I could have in your friendship. Live happy, and let me die miserable, and give not that increase to my torments to let them cost you one sorrowful reflexion.

This discourse pronounced by an expiring Man, and one I so dearly loved, touched me to the very Soul, I thought I ought to my friends life, at least, a seeming willingness to contribute to his cure; and presuming enough on Flora's constancy to believe she would preserve her self wholly to me in despite of my self, I assured Geminius that if he could gain her love, I would look on his happiness without a murmur: I have not faith enough in the fictions of the Poets, to believe this assurance restored Geminius life, but his disease being come to the Crisis, certain it

is,

is, that from that day we observed his amendment. I resolved to assist it by my absence, and as well to convince him of my sincerity, as to avoid the reproaches of Flora, *I went to spend some time at the Countrey-house, whether* Sylla *was retired, after having laid down the Dictatorship.*

I writ every day to Flora, *Letters full of that Love possest my Soul. I had not engaged never to love her more, but onely promised she should love my friend if she could. Wretch that she was, she could but do it too much; Love is no mighty task to one of that Sex.*

Geminius *Painted my slight compliance with such lively colours, that at my return to* Rome, *I learned from* Flora's *own Mouth her infidelity. How, cryed I, can it be true, that you loved* Pompey *with so much fervency, and cease to love him with so much ease? Who has told you I have ceas'd to love you,* replied *Flora? Do you give the title of change to that sacrifice you constrained? Is it because I have restored you a Friend, whose loss had made you desperate, that you accuse me with want of love? Alass, I expected a thousand thanks for my chearful obedience, 'twas a thousand tortures to me*

to

to yield to it; and I made uſe of all the powers of my kindneſs to reſolve upon, what you reproach for a decay of Paſſion.

Ah Flora, *ſaid I, how cruel is your obedience to me? How much more would you have obliged me, had I found you leſs ſubmiſſive.*

Flora *ask'd pardon for her error, and ſwore to me, ſhe would ſtop the career of it, and doubtleſs would have done as the ſaid: That deadly grief ſhe expreſſed at our ſeparation, hath fully perſwaded me* Geminius *deſtroyed me with my own Weapon, and that* Flora *believed ſhe pleaſed me in betraying me; but the remembrance of that inconſtancy has given me diſguſts, I could never vanquiſh.*

Flora *forbore to ſee my Rival any more, ſhe felt a remorſe for her credulity, which almoſt coſt her her life. I loved her a long time after our rupture, and her memory is yet grateful to me; but* Cato, *I was born nice and delicate, and in my mind true love is incompatible of partnerſhip.*

Night rather then want of Matter, broke off the converſe of theſe two Illuſtrious *Romans*. I ſhall find out a way

to

to renew it hereafter, but it is good to make use of the leisure of contriving it; and leaving these two reconciled Enemies to their quiet rest, endeavor after their example, to enjoy some time of repose.

The End of the Discourse of Cato *and* Pompey.

THE

THE LOVES OF Great Men.

D'ANDELOT.

DUring the Progreſs to *Bayonne*, the King had given leave to the Duke *D'Aumale* to hunt in the Foreſt of *Fontainbleau*, and to kill the Wild Boar. In one of theſe Chaces, the Dutcheſs *D'Aumale*, Natural Daughter to King *Henry* the Second, and *Diana* of *Poictiers*, coming near to the Incloſure they had made, a Wild Boar broke the Toyls, and frighting her Horſe,

Horſe, he ran clear away with her towards the left-hand, *D'Andelots* Horſe frighted at the ſame accident, followed Madam *D'Aumales*; her Husband was a good way off, with Prince *Patien*, and Madam *L'Admirale de Brion*; two other Ladies who were near the Dutcheſs, cryed out, that weak aſſiſtance being all they could give her, none daring to venture their skill in riding at her rate, except Madam *de Brion*, who purſued her on full ſpeed. The cry came ſoon to the Duke, who hearing how his Ladies Horſe was frightned, had not been concerned for her, had he not at the ſame time heard that *D'Andelots* with a like fright, took the ſame way with the Dutcheſſes, he rid then with all ſpeed to overtake them. *D'Andelot* who could not guide his Horſe, letting him run where-ever he pleaſed, heard a noiſe beſide him, and ſaw Madam *D'Aumale* coming up very near him, but in a moment ſhe was paſſed him, and he loſt ſight of her, by reaſon of a ſmall Coppice was before him, which the way dividing in two, he was forced to enter, and there ſaw Madam *D'Aumale* faln. That ſight made him ſtrive hard again to ſtop his Horſe, but ſince he could not,

not, he threw himſelf down to take care of her, whom he feared was hurt; ſhe was almoſt ſtunded, and in that diſorder diſcovered ſome part of her fair body. There is ſcarce that Love and Conſtancy in the World, can reſiſt againſt ſo many Beauties, and though poſſibly this minutes ſight, changed not utterly the object of *D'Andelots* love, yet ſo pleaſing an adventure made him at leaſt very ſenſible; but care of the Dutcheſs made him ſoon forego the pleaſure he reaped with his eyes. He was come to her, and had juſt taken her in his arms to lift her up, when the Duke and Madam *de Brion* arrived; yet he gave not over his officious employ, and the asking her, whether ſhe was hurt. The Dutcheſs thought her ſelf alone with him, and was reaching her lips to his, but he turned his head the other way; a refuſal ſhe would have looked upon, as a rude injury to her Love and Beauty, had not ſhe ſooner perceived what was the cauſe of a Modeſty Men are ſeldom guilty of. But what a ſight was this for a jealous Husband, who was both ſuſpicious of his Wives humor, and feared her Gallants worth; nor in reaſon had Madam *de Brion* leſs cauſe of grief,

ſuffice it both felt what was hard to be expreſſed even by themſelves; nor were Madam *D'Aumale*, nor *D'Andelot*, without their ſhare of jealouſie and trouble; and whilſt they could not utter what they thought, their thoughts were the more oppreſſive.

Madam *D'Aumale* having a little hurt on her hand and knee, was in her Coach carried back to *Fountainbleau*; but her hurts being ſlight, the Men waited not on her, but returned to the ſport, and took their Darts to aſſail the Wild Boars. *D'Andelots* Horſe being wounded by one of the largeſt, he was forced to alight, and aſſail him on foot. The Duke *D'Aumale* had a care of him, though he was both his Wives Gallant, and the Dangerous Rival that rob'd him of Madam *de Brions* Heart, and coming up to the Boar, lanced his Dart at the ſame time that *D'Andelot* plunged his in the Boars ſhoulder, his throw was unlucky, wounding *D'Andelot* in the hand, as it paſſed into the Boars Flanck, who immediately fell. This unhappy accident much added to the Duke *D'Aumale*'s trouble, though chance and misfortune contributed more to *D'Andelots* wound then he, which yet

was

was not so great, but he returned on horsback to *Fountainbleau*.

The Marshal *de Montmorency*, Governor of *Paris*, who was his near Kinsman and Brother-in-law to the Duke *D'Aumale*, having heard what had happned at this Chase, came to visit the Dutchess and *D'Andelot*. The Marshal was a mighty amorous Gallant Person, who always loved more then one; and his inconstancies were authorised by his being one of the handsomest Men of his time; he knew there was a Treaty of Love between *D'Andelot*, and Madam *de Brion*, in which Madam *D'Aumale* seemed to have some concern. The pain of his Wounds, being in eight days allayed, he was obliged to comply with the Marshals pressing intreaties and yield to his friendships, who being desirous to know his story, he thus began it.

His ſtory of the Loves of the Lady Admirale De Brion *and* D'Andelot.

THe Siege of *Orleans* having waſted much time, and forces of the Kings Army, Queen *Catherine* endeavored a Peace: The Conference of the *Iſle anx Bœufs* being ended, leave was as you know granted to the Prince of *Conde*, who together with the *Conſtable*, had been taken at *Dreux*, to come to *Orleans* with the more freedom to confer with the friends of their party. The Princeſs of *Conde* came likewiſe thither from S. *Meſmin*, and brought with her the Admiral *de Brion*. War had diverted my mind from Love, and if I may ſay it without vanity, I had no leiſure to entertain any thoughts of that Paſſion; but now he took his time, and ſurpriſed me at *Orleans* at the ſight of Madam *de Brion*. I ſpent there one part of the day in conſulting with the Prince of *Conde* and *Saint Cire*, about the beſt ways of preſerving the power of our party, and in the evening failed not to wait on the Princeſs, where I enjoyed the

the pleaſure of an indifferent and ſerious converſe, which was ſomewhat hard to advance; but which I begun to deſire might become more ſatisfactory.

Madam *de Brion* had not yet perceived in me what I deſired ſhe ſhould, her unconcerned and indifferent carriage made me fearful of ſucceſs, but love emboldned me. It may be, I put too much truſt in him; but when we find we muſt love, and are ſure to love well, what is it we are not inclined to hope from ſo fair a Paſſion.

I was one day with her, when an *Italian* Painter brought ſome Pictures to ſell; he hapned to be in the City when the Siege was laid to it, and was forced to ſtay there till it was drawn off, having heard of the arrival of the Prince and Princeſs; he had ſhowed them ſome Picture which they had bought, and being informed that Madam *de Brion* loved them, he brought what he had left to her Lodgings.

The *Painter* ſpoke *French* ſo ill, he could ſcarce be underſtood. I earneſtly viewed one of his Pictures, which Madam *de Brion* obſerving, and finding ſome-

thing in it both curious and pleaſant, askt me if I knew the ſtory.

The ingenious Fable you there ſee diſcribed Madam, ſaid I, is taken out of the Works of the famous *Taſſo*. *Armida* the Enchantreſs having received many cruel affronts from *Rinaldo* before ſhe knew him, was reſolved on revenge; ſhe advances towards the Chriſtian Camp, diſcovers, approaches, and in ſhort, enters it under pretence of craving aid from *Godfrey* the General. *Rinaldo*, who till then, had never thought of love, could not reſtrain his eyes from wandring on hers, his heart ſob'd and was troubled, and began to feel for *Armida*, what it had never felt before. How glad was he when ſhe made choice of him in the occaſion ſhe pretended to have to make uſe of valor? Though *Armida* was learned in all Magick Sciences, and knew well the vertues and power of all Simples, Characters, and Words; yet her greateſt charm and ſtrongeſt enchantment lay in her Beauty; which *Taſſo* tells us, was ſo commanding, that the whole Camp would have followed her. But *Rinaldo* gains the preference, becauſe ſhe onely asked for him. *Armida* having now got her

her enemy into her hands, buries her revenge in looking on him: Love baniſht indignation, and *Rinaldo* was too brave and too much inamored to prove ingrateful to ſo kind and fair a perſon. *Armida* builds an inchanted Palace, and in the Gardens of that Palace which you there ſee repreſented, theſe two lovers forgot every thing elſe to enjoy all the pleaſures of love. Take notice, Madam, of that young Lady, ſeated on the Banks of a Fountain, proceeded I, ſhowing her by her eyes, by her air, by her features, you cannot judge her other then *Armida*; and that lovely handſome Man, cannot be other then *Rinaldo*.

The Painter, who doubtleſs ſought in the whole ſtory, ſome what might appear moſt pleaſing, could find nothing more proper then this to repreſent, which he has done with ſo much art, that it is impoſſible to behold *Armida* ſo full of love and beauty, and *Rinaldo* ſo handſome and ſo paſſionate without deſiring to be in love.

I obſerved the Admiral was pleaſed with hearkning to me, and it highly contented me to ſee her buy the Picture. The Princeſs juſt in the nick came to take her

out to walk, and I'll promiſe you this was the firſt time ever her ſight had grieved me; the Picture had given me the opportunity to enter on ſome diſcourſe of my love, which I had determined not to loſe, but now was conſtrained.

Going thence I met with *Saint Cire*, who told me the Prince would ſpeak with me. I haſtned to him, but found 'twas no ſtate affair he had to communicate; you know him, and know he is very inclineable to love, and hard to forego it once entred into. Mademoiſelle *de Bourlemont* whom you have ſeen near the Princeſs, had ſmitten him ere he was aware, the letting her know it, was a thing wherein the Prince was obliged to obſerve much Caution: Yet he had ſo well ordered the affair that he had ſpoke, and the Lady had not believed it dangerous to hearken to him; nay more, ſhe appeared jealous, as if ſhe could have wiſhed the Princes love no ſtraggler.

This was in ſhort what he had to communicate, having drawn me to a Window that none elſe might hear, he told me he had choſen me for his confident, and encouraging me thereby to a freedom, I declared to him my concern for

Madam

Madam *de Brion*, he promiſed me, and I aſſured him of a reciprocal aſſiſtance in his love.

Hereupon we went into the walks to wait on the Princeſs and the Admiral, who as ſoon as we came up to her, 'tis tedious being here ſaid ſhe to me, cannot you invent ſome pleaſing divertiſement to drive away melancholly. I have it at hand Madam, ſaid I, what can be more pleaſant then to talk of love, you have nothing here to divert it, and I find my heart inclineable to treat of it with none but you. Where did you learn to talk thus, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; who has taught you to look ſo on me, Madam, replied I, in a jovial manner, but was much afflicted I could ſay no more, for *Bourlemont* and another of the Princeſs Women coming up to us, interrupted us, and I could not find a minutes opportunity all that Evening to continue what I had begun.

Bourlemont who took notice with what delight I obſerved Madam *de Brion*, ſoftly in my ear, asked me, if I were in love; as much as the Prince is with you, replied I, ſo that the reſt might not hear: She would needs know what I meant by that,

and

and I explained it to her, she blusht, and seem'd coy, as if she desired not his kindness; but I judged the contrary, and told my observations to the Prince, who requited them with giving me such an accompt of his Negotiations with the Admiral, that I began to believe my attempts not impossible.

Soon after the Duke *D'Aumale* came to *Orleans* to treat on the Kings behalf, as you very well know about the Restitution of some places, which the Prince could hardly consent to. The Dutchess was with him, whose arrival, turned the whole Town into pleasure and divertisement, and many days were spent in Feasts and Balls.

That day the Dutchess coming was first known, I happened to be with Madam *de Brion*, we were at first talking of a thousand indifferent things; but in the end, I changed the discourse, endeavoring to improve those few minutes my good Fortune gave me. The Admiral answered very wittily to all I said of my Passion; but I sought a return of love, and was little satisfied with those reperties. I observed the melancholly and seriousness, with which I discoursed, caused some joy

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in her, and I loved her too well to rob her of that pleasure. I guessed, Madam, said I, that love would rejoyce you, and you would not believe me; but if you would now frankly declare your thoughts, I am sure they must agree with mine.

I'll swear your company does divertise me, replied she, and I cannot but laugh at your design of Courtship; but you must understand I have a kind of stubborn heart, that neither knows love, nor desires to know it: I'll awaken that desire in it, Madam, replied I, and will assure you, on Loves behalf, he takes it very ill you should treat me so cruelly. Take heed of quarrelling with him, he is a powerful enemy, who infallibly revenges himself on his despisers. To let you see I don't fear him, replied she, I'll wager with you, he never overcomes me: Do not lay any wagers, answered I, for you will be sure to lose.

She would not take my advice, and we concluded to agree on the wager, when *Fontpertuis* came in, and was chosen judge, if any difference happened between us; she is a Kinswoman of hers whom you have often seen with her, and who had a great power over her. We had

had much ado to agree what our wager ſhould be, I would have had hers to have been ſome favors, but that was not her deſign; yet having repreſented to her, that ſhe run no hazard, being as ſhe affirmed, ſhe was ſure to win, ſhe conſented in the end, to engage to admit my utmoſt ſervice, and I conſented never to ſee her more, and to quit the Princes party, if I loſt. What will not men in love promiſe? I gave her my word, and ſhe aſſured me hers; two Moneths was the time allowed for tryal, at the end of which, *Fontpertuis* was to give judgment which had won: I took my leave of her, with telling her, that I was reſolved to neglect nothing to gain her; ſhe anſwered, that ſhe already accounted me of the Kings party, and I you Madam, ſaid I, of loves.

I came thence well ſatisfied with what I had ſaid, and what I had done, and my joy made the Prince ſuſpect me more happy then he. I endeavored to perſwade him the contrary, who eaſily believed me, but I told him nothing of the wager. You cannot imagine, ſaid he to me, how lovely *Bourlemont* appears to me, I fancy I ſhall ever love her. All ſay ſo, ſaid I, when

they

they begin to be in love; and there is a pretty delight in saying and thinking our love shall never end; but afterwards when its fervency begins decay, and the kindness decreases without knowing a reason for it. Believe me, we return to our selves, and to our wonted tempers and yours, being to be inconstant; so soon as you are satisfied, we shall hear no more from you, that Madam *Bourlemont* is fair, or that you shall love for ever. Its very true, answered he, I love change, and finding it delightful, cannot think of confining my self. Believe me, *D'Andelot* there are pleasures in inconstancy, and 'tis a mighty satisfaction, to make love in a great many places at once, and to find answers suitable to our desires.

I left the Prince in this opinion, in which I could not resolve to imitate him.

That Evening the Duke and Dutchess *D'Aumale* arrived, there was a Ball at the Princes, where I received, without thinking of it, some favorable glances from Madam *D'Aumale*. I desired not hers, but Madam *de Brions*, whom the Duke entertained, and me thought I observed in his addresses to her, some-

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thing of the courtſhip of a Man in love. He was a Rival might well be feared, the Admiral hearkned to him, and my jealouſie made me diſcover a thouſand things diſtracted me. The Dutcheſs came to take me out to dance, and I left her not all that Evening. Madam *de Brion* obſerved what I did, I perceived it, but I forbore not diſcourſing with the Dutcheſs.

On the morrow the Duke came to viſit the Admiral, I happened to be there, and having obſerved her more nearly then at the Ball, began to ſuſpect her already in a condition to make me loſe my wager, the loſs was conſiderable, and many reaſons obliged me to prevent it.

Mean time the Prince proſecuted his love with *Bourlemont*, and his endeavors were not ſucceſsleſs, he had the ſatisfaction to know ſhe did not hate him; he let me know his happineſs, and not truſting to any other the ſecret of his Paſſion, gave me a Letter for her, but I loſt it, and it unhappily fell into Madam *de Brions* hands, who not knowing my Character, thought after having read the following Lines I had deſerted her for the Dutcheſs.

You unjustly accuse me with loving the Admiral, have a better opinion of your own Beauty, and my Faith, and think not I can love by halves. 'Tis possible I may have given occasion for your suspitions by those enterviews you have seen between us; but believe me, they were not all on the score of love, and when their causes shall be known, you will repent you: Injustice and I shall have the satisfaction not to have any cause to reproach you.

Though at the sight of this, she dissembled a joy and content, I found afterwards she had much ado to restrain her grief and anguish.

The Dutchess loved her very well, and that she might have the more of her company, she left her Lodgings, and went to sojourn at Madam *D'Aumales*, during her stay at *Orleans*.

The first night she went to lie there, there happened a tumult in the City. One of the Duke *D'Aumales* servants quarrelled with a Citizen, who was wholly interessed for the party, and called him Rebel: He could not endure that injury, and the servant was very scurvily treated,

ed, other ſervants came in to his aid, and the Neighbors to the Citizens. The quarrel grew general, and the Citizens in great numbers preſſed even to the Dukes Gates, and entered them, and their animoſity made it be feared they would force in that tumultuous manner through all the Lodgings. The Duke *D'Aumale* being with the Prince, had news of the commotion, and having told it me, I made haſte and came juſt at the inſtant they had paſt the Court, and were breaking open the Dutcheſs Chamber, I appeaſed the multitude, and at my name the door was opened, and I took the Dutcheſs, and conveyed her out by a convenient poſtern.

I knew not that the Admiral had that night changed Lodings, nor did the Dutcheſs tell me ſo, till I had put her in a place of ſecurity. *Saint Cire*, whom I had made ſtay at the Dukes Lodgings to compleat the appeaſing of the tumult, took care of the Admiral, and I returning immediately to ſee if I were obeyed, was ſurpriſed to ſee Madam *de Brion* coming out with *Saint Cire*, who was conducting her to the Princeſſes, I excuſed my ſelf, not knowing her to have been

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at the Dutcheſſes, ſhe received my excuſe very coldly, yet upbraided me not, but civilly diſpenced with my attending her.

The Prince underſtanding from *Bourlemont*, I had not given her his Letter, asked me, what I had done with it; I told him how I had loſt it, and ſought in vain for it, in all places where I had been. *Bourlemont* was mighty angry at my neglect, fearing his privacies with the Prince might take air by it; but I ſatisfied her by telling her, none could ſuſpect to whom it was writ, being without ſuperſcription; and the hand was ſo well counterfeited, 'twould rather be taken for mine, then the Princes.

All which was but too true, and that reſemblance but too much juſtified, when the *Admirale* ſaw in the Dutcheſs hands Verſes, ſhe had prayed me to give her, and which I had writ.

For my part, I who ſuſpected not Madam *De Brions* thoughts, employed all my cares to incline her affection: The Duke managed the ſame deſign, and I often feared with better ſucceſs then my ſelf.

Though the Dutchess was still extreamly favourable to me, yet I constrained my self not to perceive what she would have me see; how easie had been my passage unto her Heart, had I had a design to enter it. All Prince *Pontiau*'s Merit had vanished for me, and I plainly saw it must be my fault if I were not beloved by one of the fairest Persons of the world, but I could not consent to it, whilst my Love to the *Admirale* withstood it, and I chose rather to be constant and unhappy with her, then dearly beloved elsewhere.

My mind told me, these thoughts ought to hope for some reward, if they were but known, but there was nothing beheld in me but Treason and Inconstancy, and that was a strange kind of way to gain Love from any Person.

They were playing one night at the Princesses, the *Admirale* was onely looking on, and I thought it a convenient time to speak to her, and having drawn her out of the hearing of the company, I begin to apprehend, said I, that you will not love me, and that I shall lose my wager, but Madam, is not the Duke *D' Admale* the cause? that reproach drew on hers,

hers, and she appeared to me full of anger and jealousie, and yet in the mixture I could discern some Love; you will supply that loss with Madam *D' Aumale*, said she, and her Beauty will make good all you can lose by me, Ah Madam, 'tis onely your heart I am ambitious of, replyed I, and though I cannot obtain it with all my sufferings, I will never give you the pleasure to call me unfaithful. You have fully done it already, answered she with a disdainful smile, but you deserve not I should complain of you; that would be a mark of esteem, and I have onely scorn for you: I besought her to no purpose, to explain why she treated me thus. She returned to see them play, and I withdrew, satisfied to know a part of her thoughts, but terribly afflicted at the reproach she made me.

The Duke *D' Aumale* having finished his Treaty with the Prince, returned to Court. The Dutchess at departure, seeing me sad and melancholly, attributed it to her self, and obliged her thoughts with an opinion I was concerned for her. The *Admirale* thought as she did, and continued for some time that she staied at *Orleans* to shun my company and scorn me.

The Constable being brought back to the City, the Prince and Princess went thence together with Madam *de Brion*. She would not have seen me, but I would wait on her on the way; I expected at least some indifferent regards, but I had not so much as that small content, and believed my self unhappy. *Fontpertuis* perceiving my grief, made me assign to hope, and I answered her by other signs.

My Brother the Admiral was come to *Orleans* one day before the Princes departure, he was dissatisfied with the Treaty, and would have had it broke, but the Prince could not consent.

Soon after, Peace being concluded, I heard that Madam *de Brion* was at one of her Lord ships, within two Leagues of my House at *Tanley*; having no business of consequence at Court, I went down under pretence of building a Lodge after the Italian mode, and to that end some days before me, sent down and Architect had undertook it.

As soon as I had reached *Tanlay*, all my thoughts were employed how to see the *Admirale*; I knew her fair, and lov'd her, and would purchase her love at what rate soever. I acquainted *Fontpertuis* by

Letter

Letter of my design to see Madam *de Brion*, she returned me answer, 'twas not yet time, and that the *Admirale* was very angry at me, but mentioned not the occasion; but withal told me, that she was going for eight days to visit an Aunt of hers; whither, if I would take the pains to come, I might know the cause of all.

As soon as I could learn *Fontpertuis* was come to her Aunts, I went to her House, which was but three Leagues distant from mine. I have already told you, *Fontpertuis* was a kinswoman of Madam *de Brions*, and that she entrusted her with all her secrets, yet certain it is, the *Admirale* knew not that I had writ to her, or that she had answered me, or appointed me to see her.

She made me a very civil and courteous reception, and at her sight I was more rejoyced then I had been since the absence of Madam *de Brion*; she told me from whence the anger proceeded, and that its original was from the suspitions she had, I was in love with Madam *D' Aumale*, which were confirmed by a Letter she accused me to have writ to her; 'twas not hard to pacify my self on the whole to *Fontpertuis*:

did it, she believed me, and assured me I was not hated.

The assurance made me hope I must be beloved; she was to be judge, the time drew nigh that our wager was to be decided; I trusted neither so much to my love, nor the kindness the *Admirale* might conceive for me, as to neglect the care of making my judge favourable: there lay all my thoughts, after having taken leave of *Fontpertuis* and his Aunt.

My Household affairs, Unseasonable visits, and Letters from the Prince and *Admirale*, which I was obliged to answer, kept me two days from seeing *Fontpertuis*. You may have observed she is taking enough, has Wit and pleasant Converse, and I stood in need of her Credit. As soon as I came she complained of my neglect in not seeing her all that time; her manner of looking and talking with me made me suspect her heart was smitten: I resolved to make Tryal, and found my self not deceived, she was indeed in love; I told her what I thought, she confessed it, blushing, and casting down her Eyes. In this conjuncture, I forgot the Love and Faith I owed the *Admirale*, and greedily

snatch-

ſnatching the opportunity offered, had the pleaſure to ſeduce my Judge.

In four other viſits I paid her, I had the like entertainment; I confirmed her good intentions towards me, and doubted not of her giving ſentence on my ſide, if the *Admirale* would be determined by her judgement; yet ſometimes I feared leſt *Fontpertuis* had too much love, which might forbid her ſuffering me to be happy, and engage her for the Duke *D'Anmale*, who ſince his departure from *Orleans*, had put all thoſe things in practice, carried any likelihood of contributing to his deſires; but ſhe ſatisfied me with ſo much ſweetneſs and kindneſs, that I had no farther trouble then the expectation of the hour of judgement.

She took leave of her Aunt, and returned to Madam *de Brion*, counſelling me to come thither, without asking her permiſſion, and I was too much in love to neglect her counſel; I followed her next morning, and without telling the Servants who I was, asked for *Fontpertuis*, who was brought to me; ſhe told me the *Admirale* was in an Arbor in the Garden; I requeſted her to ſhew me the place, ſhe was my guide, and ſhewing

me the Arbor, left me within ſome few ſteps of it.

I preſently went into the Arbor, and there beheld Madam *de Brion* aſleep on a Bed of *Sods*. Had I till then been unſenſible, this ſight would have made me love: The ſweet compoſure and lovelineſs of her Neck, which all appeared, ſtrangely moved and tickled me, a pleaſant extaſie ſpread it ſelf through my whole body, and I was wrapt up into tranſports and deſires that appeared to me almoſt like a third Heaven, to which I found all my inclinations ſo ready to bend, 'twas onely one way poſſible for me to find a happineſs beyond it, for ſtill I but lookt and durſt do no more, till love made me a little bolder; and what had I not done if ſhe had not waked? ſhe was ſurprized to ſee me, and ſee her ſelf alone with me. How *D'Andelot*, ſaid ſhe, you that are ſo obliged to me, how can you forget that I requeſted you no more to ſee me. Alas Madam, ſaid I, who would not forget it when Love Commands it? At this ſhe roſe up, and *Fontpertuis* coming in, I continued talking after that rate, not doubting but my diſcourſe was more acceptable, then it would have been perſwaded.

You

You see Madam, said I, an unhappy Man, who comes onely to know, by what justice you have condemned him to such sufferings? do you set no value on his Love and Faith, and must he hope nothing from his perseverance? Pardon me Madam, if I call you ingrateful; you deserve that Title, added I sighing, though once I thought I should never have cause to call you so. Your perfidiousness, replyed she, has smothered all I found lovely in you, I have observed your crime at large, but you have given me so little leave to discern your passion, that I have happily suppressed the Commencements of mine. Ah Madam, said I, interrupting her, that victory you will gain over your self, will cost me dear; 'tis hard for me to be accused of Treason, by what I love more then all the world, and judge but how it must afflict me, I cannot make you sensible that Love deserves any thing! At this I asked her what was my crime, she fairly told me, and 'twas as easie for me to justifie my self by showing many other Letters in the same Character which the Prince had writ to me; she began to listen, and in short, was so well convinced, that I overthrew all the unjust

suspitions she had conceived against me; our discourse ended in her gracing with an apparant joy, the finding me loving and constant, and I studied to fix her imaginations upon the consent I received from her sight and goodness, and left her not till I bore off all that Hope could promise.

Fontpertuis had indeed great care to oblige me, and seconded earnestly the perswasions of my innocency. I saw very well what thanks she expected, and she deserved them, but poor soul, was cheated for want of time and opportunity.

Soon after my return to *Tanlay*, the Duke and Dutchess of *Aumale* came thither; the sight of my Rival troubled me as much as the Dutchesses; I understood presently, that the Duke could not pass by without seeing the *Admirale*, and those desires made him submit to perswade the Dutchess to pass by *Tanlay*, which found in her a readier compliance, out of hopes her Beauty and address might at last vanquish the indifference I had shewed towards her. They stayed two days at my house, where I entertained them with all the divertisements a Countrey House could afford in the best season of the year,

since

since 'twas impossible for me to avoid conversing with the Dutchess: she took her time when the Duke was otherwise imployed; I found in her discourse so much love would have ravished me, had it come from the *Admirale*; what would not I have given to have heard her say halfe those kind things the Dutchess did? You are pensive *D'Andelot*, said she to me, jogging me by the Arm, and take no care to answer me: I turned my self towards her, sighing, without thinking of it; what would you have me answer Madam, said I? recollecting my self, you cannot but think as well as I, how little I deserve the respect you give me: I could not have thought, replied she, there was a Man in the world so cruel, or who had so great a value of himself as to slight the intreaties of one of my birth, but you have made me believe there are such, and I find it so great a torment, as nothing can counterpoyse, unless you change your thoughts. Ah Madam, cryed I, interrupting her, why cannot I love you; or why may not I lay open to you the secrets of a heart, I cannot give you; for if I should divide it, 'twould give you continual cause of complaint, and me no satisfaction;

tisfaction: No, no, said she, I will have no divided heart, and had much rather it should be all Madam *de Brion*'s, then I have but a part.

One of the *Admirales* Gentlemen came to interrupt us, his message was to compliment the Dutchess on her arrival, and to desire her to come and spend some few days in her House; she was somewhat at a stand what to answer, when the Duke who came up to us, took the word out of her mouth, and promised on the morrow to come wait upon her; I perceived her discontent at the Dukes haste to leave *Tanlay*, but now she must submit, and I had too much interest to accompany her, to omit it.

The Duke and Dutchess had Lodgings appointed them, looking out upon a Terrace of Orange Trees (as most of the rest do) the Dutchess lay in one Chamber, and the Duke in another by the side of it.

At Madam *de Brions* we received the news of the preparations made to besiege *Havre de grace*, the English Forces were much feared, the Prince was in League with them, during the War, and it was feared upon a breach, they would send

him

him considerable relief. Orders being brought to me for the march of the Infantry, I dispatched them to all places whither they were to be distributed, and I made ready my Equipage, to be in eight days at *Soissons*, where the Rendezvous was appointed.

The Duke *D'Aumale* was much affected at the sight of Madam *de Brion*, and I was as much pleased to know I was beloved. The Dutchess eafily spied out my joy, and all I could do to conceal my happiness, was of no proof against her jealousie, which formed things bigger then they were.

The two moneths the *Admirale* and I had taken for the decision of our wager were now expired within four days; I put her in mind of it, she only blusht, and answered nothing, but her silence was a Million, my Love understood it very well. I was diligent to secure my Judges favour by that complaisance a faithful Lover should onely give to the Person he loved; but Interest changes maximes of Love and that obliged me to treat thus with *Fontpertuis*, to whom my kindness was but policy.

There

There were sent from *Paris* to Madam *de Brion*, two *China* Gowns excellently stained with little Antick Figures, which appeared the more admirable, because *Europe* had seen so few of them. She gave the finest to Madam *D' Aumale*, who seeing the *Admirale*, wore hers, put it on the same day. That Evening, as we were all in the Garden, and that walking in the Serene, gave us a delight, the heats of the day had robbed us of. I coming near to *Fontpertuis*, be sure to meet me, said she, on the *Orange Terrace*, I have somewhat to say to you in behalf of—— I made her a sign to speak lower, Madam *d'Aumale* being by us.

The Duke, Amorous, Zealous, and withal ill treated, talked of love with the *Admirale*. Will you be always cruel Madam, said he, and never pitty what I suffer; you will find much more sweetness in that amorous conversation, I so sincerely propose then in that indifference hinders, and by its niceness, obstructs the injoyments of those pleasures love would confer, but Madam *d' Audelot* loves you, and can you be so insensible as you appear? These words smote her, but after having stood mute a while, Should I permit

permit you, said she, to search my heart, you would find little there, contributing to your defines; your love should be applied to the Dutchess onely, she is one of the most charming persons of the World, and I will never be upbraided to have bred a disunion between you.

He would have replied, but the *Admirale* unwilling to hear any more, called Madam *D'Aumale* who was still talking as fast of love to me, as I was assuring her, that if she knew me well, she would soon be convinced I did not deserve her kindness.

The Duke *D'Aumale* closing continually with Madam *de Brion*, it was impossible for me to have any talk with her; but my eyes spoke what my tongue could not, and hers answered me, so that I enjoyed not onely the content to know I was understood, but that my sufferings were shared in.

The Haut Boys and Flutes I had brought playing us some tunes, we stayed till night being pretty well spent, Supper was brought into a Pleasure-House in the Garden, and having afterwards taken some few turns about the Alleys, all withdrew to rest, but I compleat the good

hour

hour *Fontpertuis* had assigned me. All the obliging signs and glances Madam *de Brion* had given me, made me believe she would hasten my felicity, and that *Fonpertuis* had order to be the intelligencer.

I came therefore to the appointed Terrace, the night was as cloudy as lovers would desire. I gingerly marched on towards the *Admirales* Lodgings, and as well as night would give me leave; methought I perceived a Woman come out, I advanced, and she came towards me. I thought I knew her by her *China* Gown, and her stature, but methought much more by her desires and mine, that were so pressing, they made her understand I would speak with her, and she had the goodness to hear them at the Foot of an *Orange* Tree adjoyning to an Arbor.

On a sudden I heard a noise on the Terrace, and saw the Duke *D'Aumale* passing swiftly by, we imprudently staid in the place where we were, and he perceived us, and sighing, withdrew. I was half distracted at this adventure, but much more when I discerned I was not with Madam *de Brion*, but the Dutchess. I perceive by

by your surprise, said she, you thought your self happier then you are.

At that a door opened, and out came *Fontpertuis*, but I had said so much to the Dutchess I had not a word to say to her, who strangely reproached me for that silence she did not expect.

The Dutchess withdrew by the Terrace, over which she came, and retired into her Chamber, much confused to think on what might happen on the morrow, not knowing what to resolve, nor how to bear the reproaches she expected from the Duke.

He had other thoughts then to suspect it was she that I entertained so kindly on the Terrace, he was as well as I deceived by the likeness of the Gowns, and believed it was Madam *de Brion* with his Rival. It was that sight troubled him, and he rose as soon as it was day, impatiently waiting the *Admirales* rising, she stirred not till it was late, and he attributed her sleeping so long, to her last nights watching on the Terrace, which ranged all along the Lodgings; and therefore it was an easie matter for the Duke, the Dutchess, *Fontpertuis*, and me, to meet.

The Dutcheſs had heard what *Fontpertuis* ſaid to me in the Garden, and ſtudied to inhanſe all the ſweetneſs of that rendezvous, and had her deſire. The Duke thinking the Dutcheſs aſleep, ſoftly paſſed her Chamber, and having obſerved ſome kind glances, and perhaps more imprudent ſigns paſs between the *Admirale* and me, which beſpake a great Union of Heart, his jealouſie urged him to ſpy, whether I went not into Madam *de Brions* Chamber, who having watched longer then I thought, went to bed onely at break of day, and roſe not till an hour before Dinner.

As ſoon as ſhe was up, ſhe asked for me, and hearing I was with the Dutcheſs, was coming directly to her Chamber, when the Duke coming out, deſired a moments audience. She was irreſolute at firſt, but at laſt conſented. You are onely ingrateful to me Madam, ſaid he, and I muſt be the unhappy witneſs of an action of love repreſented laſt night on the Terrace, between *D'Andelot* and you. Though Madam *de Brion* was not diſpoſed to mirth, what the Duke ſaid ſeemed to her ſo full of raillery, ſhe could not forbear laughing; that action madded him, and he had rather

ther have heard her rave and be angry, then have beheld so injurious a scorn, He could not apprehend the meaning of it, and I believe had he known it, would have excused himself from acquainting the *Admirale* with what had hapned.

But her laughter being all the answer, the Duke could with all his complaints and reproaches obtain, she comes into the Dutchess Chamber, who asks her the cause of her mirth; but Madam *de Erion* could not truly tell it her. She found her intelligence false, as to my being there, for I was before gone out into the Garden, where I began to muse of the cruel consequences might arise from that adventure to my love, if the *Admirale* knew it. Alass, she but too well knew all the circumstances, for having heard a noise upon the Terrace, she had stept into her Closet, whence she saw the Dutchess, and soon after knew me, and saw my infidelity at large. Till no longer able to endure the sight, she withdrew to her Bed, but the remembrance of what she had seen, so afflicted her, she could not sleep a wink, such strange thoughts it possessed her with.

One came in the morning to tell me,

the Duke desired me to come to his Chamber, but it was the Dutchess would speak with me. I imagined it was her love had formed this deceit, and would have retired, but she withheld me. Had I believed, said she, to me, that the gift I have made you of my heart, would have onely been the parent of such an indifference, I should have struggled hard ere I had given way to it; what has love done to you, to make you so little sensible of his favors received from me? Have you so soon forgot how kind and endearing they were? Must I first send for you? Or should you have first begged my sight, unless you think me so unworthy that I am bound always to be the wooer? Though you love the *Admirale*, you still seem lovely to me, and you shall always find me with the same amorous intentions, you thought so happily to find upon the Terrace. The Dutchess desires were very violent as you may perceive, but I willing to preserve all mine for Madam *de Brion*, whose wager I would gladly win, was content with the reservedness, and moderation to which they were restrained, whilst solicited by a person so beautiful and fair. She was forced to break off her com-

complaints againſt my unconcernment, by the Dukes entrance, who found us alone. And I began as well as the Dutcheſs to fear ſome cruel effects of his reſentments for the offence we had committed; but he not knowing it, our fears were ſoon blown over.

I met *Fontpertuis* in the Garden, walking with one of Madam *D'Aumales* Women, I perceived ſhe was angry with me. I knew well that I deſerved not to be loved by Madam *de Brion*, I had neither given ſufficient teſtimonies of love, nor done all I ought to arrive at ſuch happineſs; but all my hopes lay in the inclination and kindneſs of my Judge, who now avoided my ſight.

The *Admirale* who was filled with anger and diſdain, looked now no more on me with the accuſtomed ſweetneſs; that change made me ſenſible ſhe knew all paſſed upon the Terrace, and I was fully convinced of it, when from one of her Gentlewomen I received this Letter.

I Write to the moſt ungrateful Man living. Examine the perfidiouſneſs of your heart, and you will ſoon find, it is to you this Letter is addreſſed. How happy had mine been, had

it never had thoughts for you? But what has it done; you ſhould affront it with ſo much cruelty: That heart which thought onely of you, and was decreed onely for you? But of what uſe are theſe feeble complaints and reproaches? You have affronted me, and it is a ſin to forgive you: Yet could I find the leaſt doubt of your infidelity, my grief would be allayed, and I ſhould not be reduced to the doleful conſtraint of never more ſeeing that Man I have ſo much loved. But alaſs, I ſaw your diſloyalty, nor could ever Man be more guilty then you. You cannot now ſay you love, nor have any pretence to juſtifie your ſelf; therefore begone immediately, and flie from the pretence of that unhappy Woman, can no longer endure your preſence.

After having read it, I entreated her that brought it to carry an Anſwer, but ſhe excuſed her ſelf as being forbid.

All her rage fell not upon me, *Fontpertuis* had her ſhare, ſhe had ſeen her on the Terrace with me, and that place looked ſuſpiciouſly at ſuch a time of night: She took unkindly all that *Fontpertuis* could alledge to her, believing ſhe

she had betrayed her, in favor of the Dutchess.

I knew not what to think, nor what to resolve in this accident, the securest way had been to speak to the *Admirale*, but she blasted all opportunities. That therefore being impossible without displeasing her, I chose rather to be gone, and by that observance of her commands, make her sensible I still wore her Chains.

But I did not that till I had spoke with *Fontpertuis*, showed her the Letter the *Admirale* had writ, and given her one in return of it: Which done, I took Horse for *Tanlay*, where after I had stayed two days, I went to the Rendezvous at *Soissons*. I lay under great vexations after my departure, though I heard my Letter had driven away most part of her suspitions. At first she was unwilling to see it, but *Fontpertuis* having opened it, Madam *de Brion* read these words in it.

I Am not so guilty as you think me Madam, Love brought me not where you saw me, nor thought I to find what I met with. Though my absence from you, makes me unhappy enough, my condition is much more

to be lamented for the diſtraction cauſed by your belief of my infidelity. I am unwilling, were it poſſible, to accuſe you of any thing: But why ſhould you not aſcertain your ſuſpicions? Why ſhould you break off a love in its infant ſweetneſs? No, you never loved me, ſince you could do thus. Farewel Madam, I ſhall never loſe the remembrance of having diſpleaſed you, yet I do love you, never ceaſed loving you, and have that inward ſatisfaction to know that I muſt for ever love you.

She could not read this Letter without being touched at the very Soul. *Fontpertuis* perceived it, and we having before any departure agreed upon a correſpondence, ſhe ſent me word what effects my Letter wrought on Madam *de Brions* heart.

The Dutcheſs dream't not of my ſo ſudden departure; ſhe was now almoſt convinced, I had no intent to anſwer her kindneſs, ſince I had neglected taking leave of her.

The Duke and Dutcheſs went next morning for *Paris*, where having ſtayed ſome time, the Duke attended the King towards the Siege of *Havre de Grace*, whether

whether the Queen Mother likewise coming, was waited on by Madam *D'Aumale*.

You went every morning to *Fecamp* to give an accompt to the King what had passed that night at the Siege. I seldom followed you for fear of seeing the Dutchess, least the *Admirale* might have cause of complaint; but one day I could not excuse my not going, the *Constable* sending me. My Commission being performed, I was just upon return when Madam *D'Aumale* having heard of my being at *Fecamp*, under pretence of inquiring news from her Husband, made very heavy complaints of me. I very quietly heard them, and could not yet answer in the manner she desired. Prince *Portian* came luckily to take me off, and I returned to the Camp. This Prince had formerly great pretences on her heart, and it was thought he was beloved, he was still in love; but now his cares and kindnesses were not valued at a rush, I was the darling that could make no returns.

Madam *de Brion* being come some time before to *Maule*, informing her self of the particulars of the Siege, understood that Madam *D'Aumale* went with the Queen,

Queen; her jealouſie revived her love, ſhe feared the loſing me. *Fontpertuis* gave me intelligence of all the *Admirales* thoughts, and I found my ſelf leſs unhappy then I thought. The ſame day that I aſſailed the Watch-Tower, which I made my ſelf maſter of, I received a Letter from the *Admirale* which ſpoke theſe words.

MY Anger and Reſentment cannot hold out againſt my love, I have nothing more to upbraid you with; and could I but ſee you, I ſhould think I had nothing more to deſire. But is not this too kind to you? Or do you deſerve this goodneſs? Were it not more juſt in me to hate you, purſuing the Counſels your unfaithfulneſs gives me? But alaſs, when I am apt to yield to that, the ſecret intelligences you have in ſpite of me, preſerved in my heart, blaſt all theſe thoughts. Yet you could not expect theſe expreſſions, and therefore muſt think them very kind. But I demand an equivalent repriſal, and will not be refuſed it, tell me not that your honor and glory oppoſe it, I will be preferred before both; for all ſhould be renounced at the command of her you love. Diſmiſs your ſelf then from the Siege, what you loſe on the

ſcore

ſcore of glory, you ſhall retrieve from the pleaſures of a paſſion, I will make happy. If you obey me not, never ſee me more, and ſuffer me to believe you prefer the ſight of Madam D'Aumale *before mine.*

Never was Man in a greater plunge then I, I could not imagine which way to ſteer. Love offered me pleaſant and pretty things, but I could not conſent to blemiſh my reputation by quitting the Siege. *Saint-Cire* was the firſt perceived the trouble I was in; ſince I always uſed his advice, I held it unfit to conceal from him the cauſe, who upon firſt hearing it, told, there needs no conſultation, on this matter. You muſt not ſtir, nor can your going off, be any way juſtified. Stay but till the Siege be ended, and then in the name of God, go ſee Madam *de Brion* as long as you will, and in the mean time take no heed of a Womans jealouſie or anger. Your Ladies will find out a return of kindneſs, when once their lover pleaſes them, and your peace will eaſier be made there then here, whatever Articles ſhe have againſt you. *Saint-Cire* was a true friend, and reaſon counſelled me to follow his advice, but love would not liſten to it.

The

The Treaty with the Town, which began about two hours after, eased me of my trouble, and made me determine to depart at the beginning of the night, taking along with me, onely one Gentleman. I got to Madam *de Brions* on the morrow, having rid that long way post, and on the Wings of Love. Never did I find in my self so great a disposition to joy and content. I was going to see the onely person in the World I loved best, and I was sure to find her heart full of a violent Passion which I had begot there. I would not suffer her to be told I was come; but chusing rather to surprise her my self, went directly up to her Lodgings, and into her Chamber which I found open. But is it to be believed, what I there saw? Madam *de Brion* in the arms of a Man, and Madam *de Brion*, as I thought, kissing him very lovingly. She perceived me, and came running towards me with an obliging air, the joy in her face displaying nothing but pleasure; but what I had seen making me contemn all she could offer me. Disloyal Lady, said I, what would you have with me? How wretched am I to have bin the witness of what I have seen. She held me by one arm, but not able

able to liſten to her, nor ſee her longer, I ſnatched away from her, mounted again my Horſe, and taking the road towards *Havre*, returned to the Camp.

My melancholly was too great to be concealed. 'Twas thought to proceed, becauſe the Engliſh had not addreſſed themſelves to treat with me, when my Battery was neerer advanced then any other, but the true cauſe was never gueſt at, and you your ſelf were deceived as well as others. What lamentable reflexions did I make on my adventure, no cruel thought nor juſt ſuſpition but repreſented to me Madam *de Brions* crime, and made me judge my ſelf the moſt unhappy Man living, becauſe I ſtill loved her guilty as ſhe was. Sometimes my Anger gained the day againſt my Love, but in few minutes, my Love again vanquiſhed my Anger: yet I would liſten to no juſtification ſhe writ to me, but I ſent back her Letters without opening them, and made her judge by all my proceedings that I broke off all Commerce; the time for giving judgement on our wager, was above a month expired, I was content to have loſt, but it madded me to loſe by the treaſon of a Perſon I ſo well loved.

The

The Siege ended, the King you know went to *Roen* to be declared Major, and thither came the *Admirale*, whom I took no notice of, amongst all the Feasts, Rejoycings and Delights. Madam *D'Aumale* continued her endeavours to seduce a Heart I designed to keep at rest, since the Person to whom I had given it, so ill treated it, in a time when I least deserved her rigor. I withstood her kindnesses best, by the care I took to shun her; that was enough to tell her I could not love, but my indifference increased her passion. Madam *de Brion*, could not without jealousie behold all the Dutchess did to engage me, she would not yet lose me, and at last found out the secret to make me return. She nick'd the time to a hair, for I was just ready to comply with Madam *D' Aumale*'s love, and one day more had put me quite out of her reach.

Fontpertuis whom she had instructed what to say to me, talked a long time with me at the *Ball*; at first I had refused to hear her, believing her an accomplice in the *Admirales* infidelity, but at length my anger abated, and she made me consent to come and see her on the morrow.

Madam

Madam *D'Aumale* who was ſtill in hopes her Beauty would at laſt affect me, ſeeing the diſcourſe held between me and *Fontpertuis*, feared ſomething was contriving contrary to her deſires, and therefore came to interrupt us, but my reſolution was taken, and having promiſed to ſee the *Admirale*, what ever kind or endearing things the Dutcheſs could ſay, drew from me no other anſwer then a ſigh. She began to complain of my ſilence, and I know not how I ſhould have juſtified it, had not Prince *Portian* come up to my relief, he left Madam *D'Aumale* no more that evening, and the company breaking up, I retired, not yet dreaming which way the *Admirale* would juſtifie her ſelf. She had made *Fontpertuis* ſay a thouſand things to me, not at all relating to the infidelity I accuſed her of. I thought onely to ſee her to make a tryal, whether there were yet in my heart any love remaining for her.

On the morrow I forgot not the hour appointed. I was brought to her chamber by *Fontpertuis*, and I found her to have diſmiſſed all other buſineſs onely to entertain me; ſhe appeared wonderful handſom, and every look had a charm, and

ſo

ſo much was I bewitched with her Air, Action, and Carriage, that I had nothing more to deſire to make me happy, but only to be perſwaded of her innocence, and now we were alone. What? you will forſake me then, ſaid ſhe, and can you thus eaſily reſolve to relinquiſh a paſſion begun with ſo much Eagerneſs, Fervency and Delight. Alas Madam, ſaid I, you ſnatch it from me by the uncertainty wherein you leave me of your Faith: and I reſtore it you, ſaid ſhe, by an aſſurance I never betray'd you. You cannot ſay ſo much to me; the Beauty and Kindneſs of Madam *D' Aumale* have made you forget what was due to my Love, even in a time when I loved you, told you ſo, and that you were ſenſible of it, and this in my own houſe, and in my own ſight. What Treaſons have you not been guilty of to me? yet I forgave you, writ to you, you come and have ſcarce ſeen me, but you rudely leave me without giving me time to convince you, of the injuſtice of your ſuſpicions; ſince my arrival, you have never come nigh me, have ſcarce been heard pronounce my name, nay have ſhun'd the very ſight of me. Go, you cannot love me, ingrateful

Man

Man that you are: as she ended these words, I saw a Man coming in by the Closet door with his sword drawn. I knew not at first what to think of it, but turning towards the *Admirale*, I could hear her cry out, See there that dangerous Rival robs you of my heart; if you still love me, you will defend your self against him. I was sat with one of my Arms thrown over the back of the Chair, and in that posture surveyed this Man, whose fury had methought little terror in it; at length I thought it to be *Fontpertuis* disguised, and it was she indeed, who, as Madam *de Brion* told me, I had under the same Masque taken for a beloved Rival, when I came from the Siege of *Havre* to see her.

My suspitions being thus blown over, 'twas now my part to clear those the *Admirale* had against me. What had passed on the Terrace of Orange Trees, she could scarce forget; but now I was in love, and was loved again. it proved no hard matter to justify my self; we renewed again a fair correspondence, and *Fontpertuis* perswaded us 'twas the best way to banish all complaints, and let old suspitions give place to Love. We had no

small Interest to believe her, and we did so.

She then proposed, giving judgement who had won the wager. At that I looked on Madam *de Brion*, and perceived she blusht, and stood silent. I drew a good Omen from her blushes, and no longer doubted, but my happiness was neer. I beg'd her to consent to Judgement, she turned onely her Eies towards me and sighed. That answer had a charm passed sweetly unto my soul, and made me feel an inexpressible delight. *Fontpertuis* knowing the favourable thoughts the *Admirale* had for me, asked both her and me, if we would stand to her judgement. Yes, yes, we will stand to it, said I, judge us. Madam *Brion* cryed out, it was not fair I should answer for her, without consulting her mind, and would have withstood the sentence, but I entreated her so well, that she was appeased. Whereupon *Fontpertuis* putting on the Looks and Formality of a grave Judge, with Sternness and Authority, pronounced in this manner.

I ordain that Madam de Brion *pay you the forfeit of the wager*, said she to me, *and if she fail, I condemn her never to love you more.*

more. 'Tis an unjust sentence, and I appeal, said the *Admirale*; and to whom Madam, said I, can you appeal? who will judge with more equity then Madam *Fontpertuis*? I know not, answered she, but Love possibly will judge better. You may try then, said *Fontpertuis*, interrupting her, but I me of the mind his judgement will not much differ from mine, at which she was going out of the chamber, the *Admirale* would have staid her, but at last accepted her pretence of going to change her Habit.

Madam *de Brion* durst not now come near me, Shame, Love, and Modesty made her Blush, Sigh, and cast down her Eies, I stept to her, and reaching out my hand, she gave me hers, and looking up kindly at me, my Eies spoke to her, and she understood them, and I had no reason to be displeased at the answer she returned me, I took notice she had some Flowers in her bosome, I snatcht at them, and with a little resistance got them; she told me I should not keep them, and I was willing to return them to the place whence I took them.

What should I say any more for, we were both in love, and well satisfied

with one another, and our contents encreaſed before we ended this interview. It laſted three hours, and *Fontpertuis* at her return, ſoon perceived Love had given judgement in a manner different from other Judges, ſince neither one party nor the other complained.

The next was yet a happier day for me, and thoſe which followed more. 'Tis hard to paſs from great ſufferings to extream joy, without being diſcovered. The Duke *D'Aumale*, who obſerved all my actions, ſooner believed my joy to proceed from my re-accommodation with the *Admirale*; my good fortune doubled her jealouſie, and made him become more melancholly and hateful. And though the Dutcheſs took kindly whatever Prince *Portian* talked to her of Love, yet ſhe could not forbear loving me more than I was willing; the content ſhe obſerved in Madam *de Brion*, and my diligence to attend and wait on her wherever ſhe went, produced the ſame effects in her, my joy had done in the Duke; but I troubled not my ſelf to take notice of their diſguſts, or if ſometimes I did, 'twas only to take pleaſure in them.

One

One evening coming out of the *Old Palace*, I met Madam *D'Aumale* in the Queene Antichamber. I would have avoided her but could not, she urged there all she could, and made use of all the obliging ways imaginable, to make me unfaithful, but I answered her like a constant man, and I retired as soon as I could, though not till Madam *de Brion*, who came by chance into that room, perceived our parly; she grew a little jealous of it, but I soon appeased her, by promising never more to talk with the Dutchess.

Mean time *Fontpertuis* had not forgot the sweetness of our conversation at her Aunts; she had done me great service, and thought she deserved some kindness. I saw her every time I went to the *Admirales*; I had an esteem for her, she was our Confident, and I was pleased with her, but she was not satisfied with my indifference; one day thinking to find Madam *de Brion* in her chamber, I met there none but *Fontpertuis*. Her joy at sight of me made me gues her thoughts, and I was returning to seek out the *Admirale*, when she stop'd me in a manner that beg'd my stay, whither would you go, said she? you know not where to find Ma-

dam *de Brion*, and why do you fly me? I was once thought worthy of a little Love; what has changed me? I have advantagiously ſerved you in your paſſion, and do not now deſire you ſhould love me for kindneſs ſake, onely love me a little for gratitude.

Whatever *Fontpertuis* could urge, I continued faithful, my refuſal tormented her, I could obſerve ſome ſigns of her anger and vexation, yet they wrought no effect on me, and I went off blameleſs.

There had for ſome days before great preparations been made for Running at the Ring. 'tis ſo ſmall time ſince you cannot have forgot what paſſed at it, and that I won one of the Rewards, which was a Picture-Caſe richly ſet with Diamonds; I deſtined it for Madam *de Brion*, who at firſt thought it not convenient to take it, but at length I made her reſolve to accept it. I had left it at my Lodgings, and would have ſent for it, but ſhe would not let me, telling me I might leave it with *Fontpertuis*, who would give it her at her return from the Queen: I went and brought it to *Fontpertuis*, who imployed it to bring about a Treaſon, has

since cost me a thousand sighs, and is still the cause of those torments; I cannot better describe to you then by telling you, I am now as much deserving pity, as I was worthy envy when I was beloved.

Fontpertuis having got the Picture-Case, went to Madam *D'Aumales*, whom she saw but seldom; yet she had the cunning so to close in with her, that speaking of his Beauty and her Wit, she passed from their Praises to the Glory that Man would possess, should be beloved by her till such time as the Duchess could no longer forbear discovering she loved me; that I ingrossed all the thoughts of her soul, and yet made no return of one, because I was in love with Madam *de Brion*.

Fontpertuis had the knack to prevail so well o're the Duchess judgement, that she made her believe, I no longer loved the *Admirale*, and that doubtless if she made but the least show of a desire of being beloved, I would make an amorous return to her, utterly disingaged from the charms of her Rival.

We easily believe what pleases us, Madam *D'Aumale* resolved to write to me, and *Fontpertuis* undertook to give me her

Letter. Madam *de Brion* being returned from the *Old Palace*, asked if I had given her the Picture-Case; *Fontpertuis* made answer she had not seen me, the *Admirale* wondred at my neglect, but said nothing of it.

On the morrow *Fontpertuis* gave me notice to come at the beginning of the night to Madam *D'Aumales*, where Madam *de Brion* would be at play, I believed her, promised to go, and at the hour appointed, came thither: Going in, I met a servant of Madam *D'Aumales*, who told me her Mistress was gone forth, but that Madam *de Brion* and *Fontpertuis* were in her chamber, I went up and met *Fontpertuis*, who received me with such a smiling countenance, as I could not suspect of any Artifice or Deceit. I asked her where Madam *de Brion* was, she told me in Madam *D'Aumales* little Chamber, she was on a suddain troubled with a little Head-ach, and was lain down on the Bed. I went in, the Chamber was dark, and I had my mind full of the Image of what I loved, and perceived not the Treason practised against me, but committed one my self against the *Admirale*, and knew it not; was ever such perfidiousness

heard

heard of, or could any Man be made more unhappy? Y'are very much to be pitried indeed, said the Marshal of *Montmorency*, laughing to have obtained such a favor from one of the finest Women of a Kingdom. I know not the Man would not have been glad to have supplied your place, as scrupulous as you are to account the greatest of pleasures for an unsupportable torment. When one is in love, replied *D'Andelot*, we value not the finest Women, but think onely of those we love, and yet methinks, said the Marshal, you digested very well your kindnesses to *Fontpertuis*, and are not so regularly faithful as you would have us believe. 'Tis true, replied *D'Andelot*, that I have not observed that maxime with her, but I was to work her to my designs, and could I better engage her to my interests, then by engaging her love. But pray proceed, said the Marshal, interrupting him, to tell us what you did in the little Chamber. I knew, continued he, Madam *D'Aumale* by her voice, I sighed for grief at the deceit put upon me, and was about to be gone, when *Fontpertuis* brought in Lights, and I saw not Madam *de Brion*, but was alone with the

the Dutcheſs, ſo many Beauties, of which I might diſpoſe at pleaſure, made my heart utterly unfaithful; and upon tryal, I found that there is ſometimes as much pleaſure in Infidelity, as in a true and conſtant Paſſion. I renewed again and again my Diſloyalties to the *Admirale*, and my Treaſon began to grow familiar to me, when there had like to have hapned a ſcurvy accident.

The Duke *D'Aumale* came home, and wanted but little to ſurpriſe us; *Fontpertuis* came running in affrighted and had ſcarce the time to ſay, He followed her. I hid my ſelf behind the Bed, had I gone into the Chimney, as I was once thinking to do, I had periſhed either with the fire or ſmoak; for the Duke coming in pale and heavy, and his looks enough declaring him diſtempered, called for ſome fire, believing a fit of an Ague was ſeiſing on him. I knew not poſſibly how to get out; and Madam *D'Aumale* ſeemed to be in more trouble then I. Each of us were deliberating what was the beſt courſe to be taken, when it pleaſed my evil deſtiny to bring in Madam *de Brion*, who having heard I was at the Dutcheſſes, came either to know the truth, or to ſurpriſe

priſe me in the very Act of Treaſon a-gainſt her love. She met with *Fontpertuis*, and asking what her buſineſs was there, ſhe replied, I come, ſays ſhe, to ſatisfie my ſelf, about ſome ſuſpitions I have of *D' Andelot*, I am afraid he abuſes your love; he has been a whole hour toge-ther alone with the Dutcheſs, and is at preſent hid behind the Bed.

The *Admirale* upon this came in full of anger againſt her lover, and unable to endure the cruel injury, ſhe believed ſhe had received, the Dutcheſs began ſhrewd-ly to apprehend her rage and reſentment. *Fontpertuis* having carried her treachery thus far, went home to the *Admirales*, and left the perſons concerned in no little trouble and perplexity, brought on them by her cunning and artifice.

The Duke whoſe Feavor augmented, not able to keep up any longer, retired into his Chamber, and went to Bed. Scarce was he gone out, but the *Admirale* malici-ouſly told the Dutcheſs ſhe was ſome-what ill, and throwing her ſelf upon the Bed, pretending to have a pain at heart, ſhe leaned her head towards my ſide, and drawing the Curtain, gave me ſuch fierce looks as ſpoke a thouſand things to me,

without uttering a word; when on a ſudden, her firſt diſſembled grief, became a true one, and I perceived her ſwound away.

At that ſight, without premeditating what might happen, I gave ſo grievous a ſhout, that almoſt all the houſe came into the Chamber, I came out from behind the Bed, and endeavored to aſſiſt her what I could. My ſight had much contributed to her ſwouning, but the Picture Caſe which *Fontpertuis* had without my knowledge, given on my behalf to the Dutcheſs, was that compleated it; Madam *D'Aumale* chanced to have that Caſe in her Pocket, and it was faln upon the Bed. The *Admirale* by chance laid her hand upon it, and looking to ſee what it was, knew it, and preſently imagined, that either I had given it the Dutcheſs, or that it was dropt out of my Pocket, whilſt I was tumbling with her on the Bed.

The Duke returns to the Chamber, my ſight amazes him, and being jealous of both, he knew not which to reproach, his Wife, or the *Admirale*, who was long before ſhe recovered out of her ſwound. I took her by one of her hands, ſpoke

to

to her; she at last opened her eyes, and seeing me, turned them towards the Duke, on whom, she kept them a good while fixt. The Duke could not imagine what to make of this adventure, there was a secret in Madam *de Brions* distemper, which he would have given any thing in the World to discover.

The Picture Case which he knew, partly satisfied his desire, and he thence apprehended the cause of the *Admirales* sudden grief, and the Dutchess confusion; yet he could not clear all the doubts his heart mustered up, touching his Honor and his Love; neither by it, nor by the convincing knowledge he had of his Dutchess love for me, and his amorance, I enjoyed all the *Admirales* affection, not able therefore to stay there any longer, he retired into his Chamber.

The *Admirale* restrained her Passion, and gave me not a reproaching word, but she ordered me to be gone with all the authority of a commanding Mistress. Madam *D'Aumales* eyes requested my stay, and seemed to entreat they might be preferred before Madam *de Brions*, but Love gained the day over Infidelity. I repented my crime, and went away more

in love with the *Admirale*, then I had ever been before.

Soon after I was gone, she retired to her Lodgings, not without easing some of her fury on Madam *D'Aumale*; who not caring at what rate she gained my love, was little troubled at the discontent of her rival. *Fontpertuis* glad at this success, added new Treasons to them, by telling Madam *de Brion* I had given the Picture Case to the Dutchess: That our correspondence was setled, and that I had received a Letter from Madam *D'Aumale*, which she had cunningly, and without suspition got from me.

All these apparent Truths, such exact Reasons of Suspitions, and the Imaginations *Fontpertuis* inspired into the *Admirale*, made her resolve never to love me more, but to abandon me to my inconstancy, and leave me master of the Dutchess heart, which I could not accept. I was guilty, but still I loved, I would fain have been pardoned, and endeavored all I could, to deserve that pardon by a sincere and lasting repentance, which I had the better hopes of, because I believed the *Admirale* could not refuse it to that love and tenderness she once had for me.

We

We were in this condition when the King left *Rouen*. I have done all I could since to regain the *Admirales* good will, but cannot effect it. The Progress of the Court to *Bayonne*, not requiring my attendance, I stayed at *Paris*, and knowing that the Duke and Dutchess *D'Aumale*, the *Admirale*, *de Brion*, and Prince *Portien*, went to *Fontainbleau*. I am come hither either to disturb their content, or with hopes so firmly to establish my self in the kindness and affection of the *Admirale*, that nothing may hereafter ruine me. But I have yet been deceived in my hopes; Madam *D'Aumale* still loves me, and dispises Prince *Portian* who loves her so well. The Duke continues my rival, I am fearfull least he should be happy, and the *Admirale* adds to my fear, by the obliging manner in which she treats the Duke; and I am the more unhappy, because I cannot renounce my love, nor ever hope to incline Madam *de Brion* to be touched with what I suffer, or to restore me to the same place I once possest in her heart.

Your condition is not so bad as you think, said the Marshal *de Montmorency* to *D'Andelot*, I know the very thoughts of the *Admirales* Soul, and am confident she

preserves

preſerves very kind ones for you, but you muſt deſerve them. What would you have me do to be happy, ſaid *D'Andelot*. Me thinks it is no hard task, replied the Marſhal, and were it my caſe, I would ſurpriſe the *Admirale* in her Chamber, caſt my ſelf at her feet, acknowledge my crime, refer my ſelf to her for puniſhment, joyn ſighs and tears to my repentance, promiſe never more to ſee Madam *D'Aumale*, and in ſhort, not part from her, till I were as much beloved as I loved.

D'Andelot took the Marſhal's counſel (who was a notable man in affairs of love, and whoſe ſtory ſhall follow *D'Andelot's*) he ſurpriſed the *Admirale*, he ſighed, he repented, till his grief made her relent; and that ſoon turned into love, and that love became as kind, as paſſionate, and as happy as ever it had been before.

The Dutcheſs *D'Aumale* was quite diſconſolate, to have thus utterly loſt all hopes of *D'Andelot*, Prince *Portian* undertook to comfort her; but he ſucceeded not at firſt, but ſince Love and Patience overcome the greateſt difficulties, it need not be wondered at, if they vanquiſh thoſe which would oppoſe their Felicity.

The End of D'Andelot.

THE LOVES OF Great Men.

BUSSY D'AMBOYSE.

THE Battel of *Jarnac* was fought under the Reign of *Charles* the IX., the Prince of *Conde*, chief of the *Hugonots*, loſt there his life; Admiral *Chatillon* rallied the ruines of the broken Army, and put his Brother *D'Andelot* into *Cognac*, who by his valor made *Monſieurs* Victory fruitleſs. 'Twas in this Field *Buſſy D'Amboyſe* began to give ſuch large aſſurances of

what he one day would be, that *Monſieur*, though he loved him not, had the Generoſity to praiſe him at the head of the whole Army.

War had its time to revenge Hate and ſuſtain Authority; and Love muſt have his to create Pleaſures for thoſe who had the happineſs to reach them, and Pains and Sufferings for who were deſtined to be miſerable.

Three months after this Battle, *Buſſy* conceived a deſign of gaining an eſteem in the heart of the Widow to the Marſhal *de St. Andre*, the number of her Lovers was great, he had reaſon to think his Rivals dangerous, but *Buſſy* feared nothing from Mankind, and hoped all things from his Merit and his Love.

'Twas with the Duke of *Guiſe* and *Ligneroles*, the favourite of *Monſieur*, that he was to diſpute the heart of the Lady *Mareſchalle*; There were many other Rivals, but theſe two were the moſt conſiderable.

Buſſy tries all imaginable ways to pleaſe, he makes addreſſes to the Lady *Mareſchale*, he obſerves ſhe delights in them, he continues them, he becomes both pleaſing and neceſſary, and makes himſelf be

deſired

desired; his Rivals believed they had reason to be jealous of him, and he took little care to perswade them the contrary.

He durst not speak for a long time of his Love, but at last ashamed of her silence, he breaks it. He goes into the Lady *Mareshales* Chamber, at a time she would not be seen. Mr. Lover, who let you in? said she, with a severe cast of her Eye; return immediately: He feared he had displeased her, that fear was obliging to the Lady, she perceived it, and recalled him, who was withdrawing, not expecting this return; I came to tell you Madam, said he, that I am in love, you have put it into my heart, which all others might have attempted in vain; I comply with delight to all it inspires, 'tis very tender, and what will not you lose by being unsensible? but Madam, I see you are angry, continued he, perceiving she turned her Eies towards him, in a manner forbidding despair.

The *Mareshale* was angry with her self, that she had cast so kind a glance at *Bussy*. Never see me more, said she, I cannot endure you; Take away my Love, and I consent, said he, interrupting her, I have

nothing to give you, nor nothing to take away, replyed she, but once more I forbid you my sight. *Bussy* goes forth just at the same time that *Ligneroles* was told she was not to be seen; he believed *Bussy* happy, and that belief increas'd his grief without diminishing his Love. The Duke of *Guise*, jealous and impatient, and who found no pleasure in loving alone, prays the Lady *Mareschale* to bear him company; but her heart beginning to be engaged, received coldly the Dukes proposition.

Ligneroles was the handsomest, and best proportioned Man in all the Court; yet his Love making no progress, he would at least give some trouble to his Rivals, he entreats *Monsieur* to feign to love the *Mareschale*. *Bussy* who had preserved some intelligence with *Chateauneuf*, let her know that she was about to lose *Monsieurs* heart, if she found not a quick way to withhold it. As soon as she saw *Monsieur*, she fills his Ears with reproaches and complaints, he justifies his Love and Fidelity, and promises no more to see the *Mareschale*. *Bussy* durst not go near her, and *Ligneroles* sharply repaid the jealousie he had given him.

The Court was at *Paris* but preparing for a Progreſs to *Blois*, where the Peace lately made with the *Hugonots*, was to be Signed, and the Marriage Treated between *Madame*, and the King of *Navarre*.

The Duke of *Guiſe* and *Ligneroles* knowing that ſhe would not go this progreſs, preſſed the obtaining ſome favorable anſwer, but ſhe declared for neither, there was only obſerved in her, more civility towards the Duke, and more complaiſance for *Ligneroles*; the Dukes Melancholly rejoyced *Buſſy*, but *Ligneroles* joy made him almoſt deſpair.

The King was two days at *St. Germains* with *Monſieur* and a very ſmall number of Courtiers, *Ligneroles* entertaining the King, was ſo indiſcreet to let fall ſome words, made him ſuſpect that the ſecret of the Marriage of *Madam* with the King of *Navarre*, was not unknown to him; *Monſieur* kept nothing from him, and therefore he thought it was not to be doubted but he had diſcovered all the deſign. The King, who knew beſt the Art of diſſembling of any Prince in the world, cunningly interrupts him, by asking whither it was true that he loved the Lady *Mareſhale*, as much as ſome would perſwade

him, *Ligneroles* acknowledged that he did Love, but was not beloved. The King being in Bed, cauſed *Monſieur* to be called, with whom he grew ſo angry that he made him conſent to the deſtruction of *Ligneroles*, and promiſe that he would not ſpeak to him of it, but nothing can be kept concealed from what we love, the King returns to *Paris*, *Monſieur* goes to viſit *Chaſteauneuf*, ſhe perceives his ſadneſs, he ſuffered her Solicite a long time before he let her know the cauſe, and knowing it, ſhe condoled, and became partner in his grief without acquainting *Ligneroles*.

The King gave a Ball at the *Louvre*, the *Mareſhale* takes out *Ligneroles* to dance. *Buſſy* believed her carriage not indifferent towards him, and that which doubled his grief and his jealouſie, was, that ſhe never ſo much as caſt her Eies on himſelf.

He comes to *Chaſteauneuf* who had ſomething to ſay to him, the *Mareſhale* knew he had loved her, ſhe feared leſt Love ſhould be renewed between them, and *Chaſteauneuf* perhaps found an eaſineſs in it, to which *Buſſy* agreed not.

His

His heart no longer able to bear the *Mareſchales* diſdain, which he believed was cauſed by her kindneſs to *Ligneroles*, he reſolved to challenge him.

The friendſhip of *Buſſy* with *Grillon* was begun ſome few days before, for he not enduring to live without Love in ſo gallant a Court, found Madam *Bonneval* the moſt proper to beget it in him; ſhe was a very well made perſon, but her Manners were more engaging then her Beauty; *Grillon* follows her in all places, ſhe perceives it, but forbids him not to follow her. What would you have with me *Grillon?* ſaid ſhe, one evening in the Queens Cloſet; All that ſhould be given to thoſe love well, *Madam* anſwered he; the King who overheard it, began to laugh; Madam *de Bonneval* was vexed, and *Grillon* ſomewhat abaſhed: from that day forward, ſhe was very rigorous to him; he complained to *Buſſy*, who was beloved without knowing it. He promiſes to ſerve him with Madam *Bonneval*, and without any longer delaying the effects of his promiſe, that very day he goes to her, and finding her alone; Who knows not, ſays he, that you are lovely, and that your Eies have the in-

fallible ſecret of inchanting Hearts? but I was ignorant till now, that to ſo many Excellencies and ſo many Beauties are joyned ſuch ſtrange cruelties, and that the pleaſure of ſeeing you has for its certain conſequence ſuch mighty ſufferings, 'Tis that I come to complain of, continued he, (looking on her with an Eye full of Love without any deſign) but I have ſome counſel to give you, will you receive it? continue I beſeech you, the chains of thoſe which adore you, 'twill be no great favour done them; 'tis ſo great a miſery to be diſdained, that it becomes natural to wiſh for happineſs: Speak Madam, he was about to ſay, and give ſome joy to the unhappy *Grillon*, when *Madame* and *Chaſteauneuf* came in, *Buſſy* conceiving he could not now continue the entertainment he had begun, went and found out *Grillon*, and gave him an account of what he had ſaid.

Madam *de Bonneval* believed not at all that it was on *Grillons* part ſhe had heard thoſe loving words, but on his own; ſhe was reſolved to have kindly anſwered *Buſſy*; had not *Madame* come in. He was the Man of all the world ſhe moſt deſi-

red

red to engage; she loved him, and she believed her self Beautiful enough to create Love in him. This easily perswaded her not to doubt, but it was the design of his heart, and not being capable of a cruel thought towards him, and moreover being perswaded it might produce a good effect, to spare him any farther trouble, She sent him this Note next Morning.

Love me, and tell me so, what should hinder you? And to let you see I am more lovely then you think, look here what Chains I command you to carry.

This Note was without superscription, and inclosed a Bracelet of Hair of admirable weaving. *Bussy* rejoyced he had so well succeeded in his amorous Embassie, as much as he would have grieved, had he known the tender goodness of Madam *de Bonneval*, was addressed to himself, and not to *Grillon*; who was much affected, when *Bussy* gave him both the one and the other, he applied to himself all the sweetness was in that Note, and received the Bracelet as a favor, so much more worthy, because less expected: Esteeming

fteeming himſelf happy, by an adventure had made him deſpair, had he known the truth of it. But how ſhould he come to learn it, if Madam *de Bonneval* without appearing, ſurpriſed at ſo ill tuned an accident, does put on ſo cunning a diſguiſe that *Grillon* cannot know her thoughts; yet ſhe cannot digeſt the affront, it is a touch too ſenſible for Ladies, and they never pardon the ſlighting of their Beauty.

Let *Buſſy* ſerve for example, Madam *de Bonneval* ſtifles all the love ſhe had for him, and onely meditates revenge; ſhe alters not her behavior towards him, but endeavors to diſcover the cauſe of his refuſal. What is often ſaid of love is true, it cannot be long kept ſecret. Madam *de Bonneval* lets nothing ſcape may ſerve towards the revenge as ſhe deſigns. She interprets and comments upon the Actions, the Looks, the Words of *Buſſy*, and draws thence Suſpitions, which become Truths, and tell her he is in love. One day ſhe was with the Lady *Mareſhale*, when *Buſſy* comes there, but his carriage ſeemed ſo unconcerned, that none but Madam *Bonneval* could have divined his thoughts. Not able long to contain, he throws on the

the *Mareſhale* ſuch amorous glances, that Madam *Bonneval* perceived them, though he durſt not ſigh ſo loud as to be heard: She diſcovered love in the eyes of *Buſſy*, and was enraged, it was not all for her; by all theſe ſigns, ſhe knew he was deeply intangled. And the more ingenuouſly to advance her revenge, ſhe doubles her appearances of Friendſhip, and under the falſe reſemblances of a complacent ſincerity, which ſhe affected, ſucceſsfully labors to create confidences with the *Mareſhale*.

Buſſy had deſigned to fight *Ligneroles* on the firſt occaſion preſented; on the morrow one brake forth, the King would ſpeak with him, he loved him, and doubted not a good iſſue of any dangerous deſign, if entruſted to him. The King comes into his Cloſet, where he was told he attended, and propoſed the killing of *Ligneroles*. Can you have any eſteem for me Sir, anſwered *Buſſy*, and make choice of me to rid you of *Ligneroles* by unhandſome ways. Ah *Buſſy*, ſaid the King, what will not any Man undertake to revenge himſelf of a beloved Rival, and to ſuſtain the Intereſt of his King, when he finds in his own Courage a ſecurity for the execution,

execution, and that his Soveraign abbets the action. But what ever the King could say, or promise, he could not make *Bussy* consent to his desires. In this desperate affair, he becomes the friend of *Ligneroles*, and chuses rather to expose himself to the Kings anger, by representing the merits of his Rival, and the services he might one day render him, then to oblige his revenge at the expence of his honor and reputation. The King appeared, ill satisfied with *Bussy*'s generous thoughts; but in his Soul approved what he seemed to condemn; yet forbidding him upon pain of death, once to pronounce the Proposition he had made him, *Bussy* answers nothing and withdraws.

Madam *de Bonneval* who had grown into great confidences with the *Mareshale*, (though not such secret ones as *la Hermite*, who was one of her attendants) tells her that one of her people had seen *Bussy* go to *Chateauneuf's*, but she drew false conjectures from this visit. *Chateauneuf* had sent for *Bussy* to come to her Lodgings, to tell him the design the King had to destroy *Ligneroles*, believing he knew it not. She loved *Bussy*, and the love he had for the *Mareshale*, hindred him from answering

ing her love. She believed *Ligneroles* was beloved, and that by preſerving his life, *Buſſy* might loſe the hopes of ever affecting the Lady *Mareſhale*, and then ſhe flattered her ſelf he might return to her. Directed by ſuch prudent policy, ſhe told him the cauſe of *Ligneroles* diſgrace, as ſhe had learnt it from *Monſieur*, repreſenting to him, that it was more glorious to overcome a Rival by generous procedure, and by advertiſing him his deſtruction was deſigned, then to triumph [illegible] his evil Fortune, by concealing from [illegible], that the Kings moſt cruel reſentments were ready to fall upon him. *Buſſy* hears all *Chateaunenf* would ſay on this ſubject, without promiſing any thing, ſave onely to be ſecret in his having learnt it of her. He perceived by her carriage, that ſhe deſired an entertainment like to thoſe they had had together in the time they loved; but that time was paſſed, love had diſpoſed of *Buſſy*'s heart, in favor of the *Mareſhale*; and though *Chateaunenf* were one of the faireſt perſons of *France*, and employed now all her charms which had formerly ſeemed ſo alluring; and let him now hear a thouſand flattering and pleaſant things, he ſtill remained conſtant,

and parted from her without giving the leaſt reaſon to be reproached, as to his love.

Underſtanding that *Ligneroles* was in the Garden of the *Hoſtel* of *Soiſſons*, he goes thither; and after having drawn him off ſome paces from the *Mareſhale*, who was with Queen *Catherine* of *Medices*: I was reſolved yeſterday to kill you as a Rival, whoſe happineſs made me deſpair, ſaid *Buſſy* to him, to day I would endeavor to preſerve you as an honeſt, but unhappy Man, who have, doubtleſs, neither deſerved death by the [illegible] maximes of State, nor the particular hate of the King. I ſhould have received you as an enemy fit to be feared, anſwered *Ligneroles*, but I dread you more with the merit wherewith now you appear, and if poſſible, I would ow you nothing. In vain I examine and ſearch my ſelf, in what point I can be guilty. You are not innocent, replied *Buſſy*, ſince you have let the King perceive you were not ignorant, that the marriage of *Madame*, and the King of *Navarre*, was onely an ingenuous pretext, the more ſecurely to ruine the *Hugonots*. The ſilence and confuſion of *Ligneroles* accuſed him, and he had now

no

no hopes but in *Monsieurs* Protection, he could not believe himself forsaken by him, but *Bussy* assured him of it. My crime is, having spoken, says he, at length, but I had rather die, then doubt of *Monsieurs* friendship, he knows not my destruction is resolved; for he who never kept secret from me, would not have concealed a design against my life.

Whatever *Bussy* could alledge, he would not take the advise he gave him not to go this progress, nor take the ways to secure himself he offered.

Ligneroles spoke after this of the Lady *Mareschale*. The esteem I have for you, said he, hinders me from concealing the estate wherein my love, and services have put me with her, I love her and she knows it, I have sighed, I have complained, and all the fruit I have gathered from all this, is the pleasure to see my self hopeless; you believed there were strong ties of kindness between us, and it was my interest nor to disabuse you, she wanted one of the family to keep up her affairs with *Monsieur*. I was capable of serving her, and you took for love, that assiduity she permitted me, rather to give her an accompt of my Negations, then to give me

marks

marks of her goodneſs. Ah *Buſſy*, muſt I tell it you, continued *Ligneroles*, for you onely is reſerved the happineſs to affect her Soul, and ſhe ſees you not, onely for fear of loving you too much. That fear ſhould be a glory and pleaſure to you, Proceeded he, ſighing, what would not I do to inſpire the like? But you would be unfortunate, if ſuch a thing were, which is, what I cannot deſire at ſuch a price after that you have now done. Are you ſo generous, replied *Buſſy*, to tell your Rival in good earneſt, that he is not hated? I am unhappy enough to be pitied, for not being loved, ſaid *Ligneroles*, interrupting, and that I am in danger of loſing my life, and need not be ſuſpected to want ſincerity towards the Man I eſteem moſt of all the World.

The *Mareſchale* who obſerved them, feared their Diſcourſe might end in a quarrel, but her apprehenſions changed ſubject, when ſhe beheld them embrace.

Her ſuſpicions of *Buſſy* increaſed, ſhe was jealous of *Chateauneuf*: Their confidences at the Ball, and the impreſſions of his viſiting her, much perplexed her mind; and beſides that, he parted from *Ligneroles* more like a Friend then a Rival.

What

What then, had she not reason to fear? Ladies would lose nothing; they believe the number of their lovers is a mark of their merit, and an increase of their reputation. I say not, the *Mareschale* had these thoughts, but she could not look upon the semblances of his change, but as an injury in his judgment. She concluded by their actions they were become Friends, and that *Bussy* had yielded to *Ligneroles*, all the pretentions he had on her heart; she seemed to have more scorn for *Bussy*, and more fierceness for *Ligneroles*, when they met the Queen, who soon after went to the *Lauvre*, and the *Mareschale* with her.

These Rivals went together from the *Hostel de Soissons*. *Ligneroles* was assaulted by four unknown men, who cryed out to *Bussy*, they would have onely the life of *Ligneroles*; but all the answer he gave, was to let them know, it was hard to take that from a man he defended. *Ligneroles* opposed his courage to his enemies numbers, and conjured *Bussy* to let him perish alone, and not run the hazard of losing his life, either by these Assassines, or by the anger of the King, who would not want advice of the assistance he

gave him: *Bussy* impatiently endured what *Lignerolles* said, and parry'd most part of the thrusts made at him. The Duke of *Guise* chancing, at this moment, to pass by, took their part; the four men yielded to the courage and constancy of the Duke, *Bussy* and *Lignerolles*; they fled in disorder, some of them wounded, and one of them was taken by *Bussy*'s servants, whom *Lignerolles*, let go against the Dukes mind, not doubting, but from him, might be learned the first authors of this attempt. But *Bussy* and *Lignerolles* who judged it, commanded by the King, drew off the Duke from those suspicions he might have had, by feigning a Family quarrel which they would revenge. This assassinate made a great noise, and *Monsieur* talked publick, That he made *Lignerolles* case his own, but in private he said otherwise: He knew from whence the blow came, and *Dagne* who was beginning to enter into his favor, and who was gained by the King, had made him approve the design conceived for the killing *Lignerolles* at his coming out of the Gardens of *Soissons*.

The King who was violent in the first eruptions of his anger, was about to command

mand the arresting of *Bussy* for assisting *Lignerolles*, and whom he believed had betrayed his secret; but the esteem he had for him, banished this design of revenge.

The Duke of *Guise* had no share in the Kings resentments, not being at all faulty: *Bussy* came that Evening to the *Louvre*, and saw the King, who received him with many praises for the action he had done, though he did not approve it; but he understood dissimulation. On the morrow, *Bussy* sent to request of the Lady *Mareshale*, he might have the honor to kiss her hands, he had never spoke to her since she had forbid him seeing her. She was full of anger, and of shame, and could not prevail over her heart, to bring it to that indifference she desired, which hindered her agreement to *Bussy*'s request.

Just as her answer was brought to him, *Lignerolles* came into his Chamber, understood it, and assured him he would omit nothing possible for him to do, to procure him an enterview with the *Mareshale*. It is hard to be obliged for such a kindness to a Rival, but *Bussy* was constrained to it. *Lignerolles* was still of the same mind not to retire from Court; and *Bussy* argued hard against a resolution, which had no

other foundation then *Monsieurs* Friendship, on which he had much less reason to confide, then on a provident and quick withdrawing, which was the onely way to secure him. *Ligneroles* came to the *Mareschalle*, and at first pleaded in vain on *Bussy*'s behalf, but at last she consented to see him. She after asked him, who were those had assaulted him; he would not tell her the secret, but he told her that without *Bussy*'s assistance he had been in very great danger, and that the Duke of *Guise* had likewise defended him.

It was agreed between them, that *Bussy* should come after Supper, and that on condition he brought him, which he did. She was beginning to be undrest, and desired him to be present at their entertainment, to deprive *Bussy* of the happiness, he might find in seeing and discoursing her alone, which *Bussy* feared, but *Ligneroles* who would not be generous by halfs, civilly retired, and by his retreat left him full liberty to see, speak, and be heard. She went for a moment into the Alcove to change her shift, whilst *Bussy* staid looking on a Picture of a Mignon love which endeavored to climb to the top of a Rock, he drew a Pencil out of

his Pocket to write, *I shall arrive*, when the *Mareschale* gave a great shriek, and came running almost naked into his arms. Such a sight would certainly affect one indifferent, what then could be *Bussy*'s thoughts who was in love. He stopt her, asking the cause of her fright, and endeavoring to reassure her; but he perceived she swounded, and was in condition to create extasies of love: So that *Bussy* suckt in pleasures at his eyes, their employment was to him obliging and charming, and they showed him curious things; it is impossible to express the sweet and tender motions of his Soul, love onely can do it; but love is discreet, and tells not all it feels. *L'Hermite* who was as fraid as her Lady, was fled to call other Maids to her assistance, whilst *Bussy* endeavored to bring her to her self.

They entred readily into the Chamber, followed by *Ligneroles*, who being got onely to the Stairs foot, ran back in hast to know the reason of the noise he heard. How was he surprised, How astonished, And how afflicted, all at once, to see the *Mareschale* in the arms of one she loved? What jealous thoughts did not this sight inspire him with? He believed himself

unhappy, but, what thought he not of the happiness of his Rival? Yet those thoughts gave place to others more sad and grievous, when he perceived that all *Bussy*'s trouble proceeded from the *Mareshales* swounding. They put her in Bed, and soon after she opened her eyes, and her fright being allayed, *Ligneroles* and he withdrew. The *Mareshale* had as was well known a strong natural antipathy against Spiders, of which she could tell no cause; she then saw one on the Hanging and saved her self wherever she could, and *L'Hermite*, sharing in her Mistress fright, fled as I said before.

On the morrow *Bussy* returned with design to see her, but the shame and confusion wherein she was to be seen, in a condition so contrary to Modesty, made her resolve to refuse a pleasure, she would gladly have received, under pretence of not being well recovered from her fright.

He divined one part of her thoughts, but unwilling to be a second time obliged to *Ligneroles*, and trusting in *Neufville*, he gave him Commission to let the *Mareshale* know he had some important business to discourse with her. *Neufville* did it, but not being happy in serving his Friend, he

in

in vain attempted to perſwade her, ſhe ought to hear what *Buſſy* had to ſay to her.

In the mean time *Buſſy* was to be pitied, he had not onely the pangs of his love, and the cruelties of the *Mareſhale* to groan under, but muſt likewiſe endure all that grief cauſed by *Ligneroles* his misfortune.

The Duke of *Guiſe* aſſiſted by the Counſels of Madam *de Bonneval* who he had formerly loved, and who was ſtill his friend, neglected nothing he thought might make him be beloved. This Prince was young, brave, ambitious, and handſome, every way lovely and deſerving; but to what end were all theſe great qualities, whilſt he was not beloved; and yet made all his happineſs conſiſt in the being ſo.

But in a Conference he had, his love changes object; it was with his Uncle, the Cardinal of *Lorrain*, who having already broke off the Match between *Madame*, and the King of *Portugal*, would do the like with the King of *Navarre*, and by his credit with Queen *Katherine* of *Medices*, marry her to his Nephew. The love he had for the *Mareſhale*, withſtood this great

Fortune, but the interest of his family, and his ambition made him comply with what was desired. He began therefore in more steddy manner, to fix his thoughts on *Madame*, and considering her as the daughter of a great King, and whose Wit and Beauty might pleasantly revenge him of the rigors of his Mistress, he steered all his love and cares towards her. This change surprised Madam *de Bonneval*, and afflicted not at all the *Mareshale*.

Grillons Constancy was yet unhappy, Madam *de Bonneval* was perplexed and melancholly, she had laid designs which she could not execute, and *Grillon* must suffer for it. He was impatient, and would have love immediately returned for love, and she refusing him with any sharpness, the recompence he requested, was enough to make him believe there was none to give. Sometimes anger and suspition tempted him to inconstancy, but when he thought to love no longer, one glance of Madam *de Bonnevals* recalled him to his Chains.

She thought on nothing but revenge on *Bussy*, for being in love with the *Mareshale*. She knew almost all passed in her heart, her inclination for *Bussy* was no secret to her,

her, but she strove to lessen it by her malice and counsels, and by the cunning she had to possess her with the thoughts of his love to *Chateauneuf*. In sum, she made her so ashamed of her thoughts, that the *Mareshale* could not have kept them alive, had she not been strongly prepossessed with the worth and honesty of *Bussy*.

Ligneroles had onely some shows of *Monsieurs* favor, *Dugua* had the substance, whose subtile spirit, raised so many quarrels, and caused so many disorders. Yet so cunningly was his disgrace concealed, that he could never discover, whether he had consented to his death; the same signs of trust and friendship still appeared, but all those signs were onely kept up like false lights to deceive him.

Bussy not able to disabuse him, together with *Grillon*, very rarely left him.

Beauty, good Men, Birth, and love in *Monsieur*, could not banish from *Chateauneuf* the Passion she had for *Bussy*, she envied the *Mareshales* happiness, and the difficulty she foresaw, would be found in depriving her of her lover, strongly increased her desire.

Neufville not having succeeded with the *Mareshale*, *Bussy* resolved himself to speak

to her, and his attempt was happy. She was ready to go forth, but her confusion was so great at the sight of *Bussy*, that she would have drawn back into her Closet; but he placing himself before her in a Suppliant, and respectful posture; Stay Madam, said he, I come not to speak of my love, but of *Ligneroles*. You know him, continued he, seeing she stayed to hear him, and you know he loves you. A little of your pitty would be a great allay of those cruel sufferings his Passion torments him with, and I shall be happy in obtaining what I request for him. The *Mareschale* blusht with anger at this discourse of *Bussyes*, not doubting but he had given over loving her, but willing to conceal her concernment. You shall not obtain what you pretend from me, replied she, I find I have no disposition to do good, and *Ligneroles* is to be pittied, if he accounts upon any favorable thoughts. I have none, my heart is submitted to whatever I will, and I fear not its betraying the interests of my glory, to take part with those of my love: Madam, replied he, Treason is easily pardoned when we find a sweetness in being betrayed; and since you will find a great deal

in this crime; if your heart commit it, you will, without doubt, be induced to pardon the fault, by the pleasure you will receive, in loving, and being beloved. Remember then *Ligneroles*, Madam, he is unhappy without deserving it; he has a tender and violent Passion, which he cannot communicate to what he loves, besides his destruction is resolved. I come to tell you of it, who should have been the minister of the Kings revenge, he would have obliged me to have killed him; and *Monsieur* has resigned him to those cruel Reasons of State, may possibly produce effects dismal to all *France*; it is not from him I speak this, he is ignorant I prest to a sight of you; nor durst I have done it for my self, but I thought I could not neglect serving him, without leaving my self liable to just reproach; he had already been lost without the assistance the Duke of *Guise* gave him. Say without yours, said the *Mareshale*, interrupting him, and fear not I shall value you too much: That which you tell me, surprises me not without cause, and I should hardly believe all you have said, were I not well perswaded of your sincerity; but what can I do for *Ligneroles*? I have

not

not any power; you have an absolute one over his heart, replyed *Bussy*, and the Commands of a Person beloved may gain from him, what neither the Counsels nor Prayers of a friend can hitherto do. Employ your Beauty to oblige him not to go this progress; and let him know, he has now no part in *Monsieur*, and that his death is unavoidable, if he withdraw not from Court. This Madam is all that I have to say, can you now complain of me, or are you at all troubled to have heard me? She was about to answer when *Ligneroles* entred, from whom she concealed not the least circumstance of what had been said to her. My destiny's very strange, said *Ligneroles*, to find more succor from a Rival, then from the friendship of a Man I have so long served, or from the heart of a Mistress I have so dearly loved. No Madam, I deserve not your love, one alone is worthy of it, if any can be, his thoughts are so Noble and Virtuous, his Love so excelling, his Heart so great, he possesses all qualities required in a true brave Man, and all that the most delicate Lady can desire in a Lover; Therefore love *Bussy*, continued he sighing. Hold, said *Bussy*, interrupting,

rupting, your indiscretion ought to be reproved.

The *Mareshale* could not enough admire the Character of these two Lovers; *Bussy* refused to rid himself of *Lignerolles*, it was as much as his life was worth to let escape the secret entrusted him by the King, he believed it not important, not enough to make Honour its sacrifice, he advised *Lignerolles* of the designs against him, and defended him after that against those the King sent to take away his life. He speaks of the Love of *Lignerolles*, and not only endeavors to serve him as a friend, but essays to make him be beloved. *Lignerolles* soul yields not in greatness to *Bussy's*, he declares himself unworthy of his concern for him, praises his Rival, and pronounces him alone worthy of Love. The *Mareshale* seeing *Bussy* about to withdraw; stay, said she, and be witness, I will spare nothing to save *Lignerolles*, but all her goodness proved in vain, he let her know he would rather chuse to die out of too much confidence in *Monsieurs* friendship, than secretly accuse him by his flight of having consented to his death. *Bussy* joyned

his

his Counsels and Reasons to the *Mareschales*, but he remained firm in his resolution of going the progress. The next day the King hunted with the Queen *Mother*, and several other Ladies, all on horseback. After having for some time chaced an Hare, which the Dogs eat, the King had a desire to take some Conies with a Ferret, saying, He would kill all came out of their Burrows. These words were observed by the *Hugonots*, and Politicians, and they drew judicious conjectures from his humour, which might have served to secure them against those cruelties acted soon after upon them, but they suffered themselves to be deceived by Soveraign Faith, by the cunning of *Katherine de Medices*, and by the Honours and Dignities they received.

At this Chace the Duke of *Guise* was still neer *Madame*, taking the same course to win Love from her as he had done with the *Mareschale*, *Bussy* carefully observed all the Duke did, to whom the Queen had made a signe to come speak with her, just at the same time that *Madame* having taken notice of *Bussy*'s curiosity, called to him to know the reason.

In

In the last Assembly at the *Louvre* Madam, said he, I observed that the Duke of *Guise* always had his Eies turned towards you, and seeing nothing so perfect and accomplished as he, I wisht he might fall in love, for I thought you alone a worthy object of his passion. I had those thoughts when you took him out to dance, I observed his joy when he received your hand, and the blushes that seised you. In summe, *Madame*, I employed so well my Eyes, that I could not doubt but you might one day love. I know not but I might be deceived, but it seemed to me, as if the day approached; this is what I observed, *Madame*, when you took notice of my hearkening to you.

She begun to laugh at what he had said; you fetch your conjectures a great way off, said she, but I have too much esteem for you, to leave you in an opinion that I will ever dispose my heart to the Duke of *Guise*. To whom then that is worthy of it, can you give it, replyed he, if you refuse it to him? To *Bussy*, interrupted she, inclining her self towards him, when he shall cease to love the *Marechalle*. Ending these words, she rid off, leaving him confused, and not know-

knowing what to think, how many reflexions did he make on this adventure? He believed *Madame* had a mind to divertise herself with him, rather then hoped, she had any design of inspiring him with the boldness of making love to her.

The Chase ended, all returned to *Paris*. In the way, *Bussy* and *Lignerolles* complimented the Duke of *Guise*, that the Beauties of *Madame* had delivered them from so dangerous a Rival. He received with a good Grace, what they said on that point, not utterly disowning his love to her, and yet not seeming too much affected to have it believed.

Madam *de Bonneval* was at this hunting, and would fain have perswaded the *Marshale*, that *Bussy* had held some amorous Propositions with *Madame*; but she began to give less Faith to what ever she attempted to say against him. He was grown powerful in her heart, his merit, his generous thoughts, and above all the love which had touched her, had made him gain a place in the tendrest receptacle of her Soul, from whence it was very hard to snatch him.

Bussy was ignorant what his happiness was, and despaired of being beloved. A great

great delight which surprises us, when we least suspect it, is that brings most sweetness with it. *Bussy* made this pleasant tryal, he could not think himself happy, but how joyful was he when he could not doubt it.

The Court prepared to depart next morning, and the Courtiers took leave of those Ladies did not go the progress. *Bussy* intended not to take his of the *Mareshale*, fearing to offend her by his sight, and by this respectful and prudent carriage, he light upon the secret of making himself be desired not to go without seeing her; he thought not to find her at Madam *de Bonnevals* Lodgings, whom he believed his friend, and therefore would not omit waiting on her, having employed the time he thought necessary in this visit, he rose up to be gone. How will *Bussy* part then without seeing me? said the *Mareshale* to him; he answered, that before he durst not, but now he took what she had said for a Command.

He failed not to attend the *Mareshale* about two hours after her going from Madam *de Bonneval*, who the better to deceive him, had at his going out, assured him of her friendship in a manner,

that appeared so full of fair Faith, that he went away well perswaded he had not a better friend then she, and that without doubt she would be serviceable to him in his Love.

Bussy was so quick-sighted as to have observed that the *Mareshale* began happily to purge away her errors of indifference, and with such sweet reflexions, and such kind thoughts he came to her; his Looks were full of Languishing and Submissiveness, and his Words full of Love and Eloquence. He spoke at first of what he felt, of the torments absence would create, and of his fears to be hated. The *Mareshale* answered to all this, or rather her passion answered for her. In the sequel of the discourse she made some complaints, but they were obliging ones; should you permit me, said she, to have the least occasion to reproach you? Could you goe without seeing what you love, is it thus you would perswade your passion? or do you know how to love better then you Madam, replyed he, you dare not stand the tryal, for then you would find all the knowledge is on my side, and therefore you would save your self that shame; she blusht at this answer,

and

and asked if he went with the King. No Madam, you have affronted me, said he, and being resolved to be revenged, I am not now for the progress: and what revenge can you take of me, replyed she? as I can acknowledge Benefits, so I am sensible of Injuries, and let me advise you that 'tis dangerous making me your Enemy. Whatever you can say Madam, said *Bussy*, interrupting her, my resolution is fixt, and without fearing your threats, I must attempt to make you love me; this enterprise will displease you, and then I at least shall have the delight to have given you some vexation. Revenge your self every day thus upon me, replyed she, I shall know how to give affront for affront, and then I shall have the pleasure of not having yielded to you in resentment. This discourse gave much relief to *Bussy*, who was before in great disquiet, out of the uncertainty he was in of the *Mareshales* thoughts for him, but never found Lover more kind ones, nor greater hopes of happiness, when *l'Hermit* came to give notice that the Duke of *Guise* entred.

His new passion could scarce subsist, his heart lean'd towards what he had so much

loved, and all the glory of *Madames* Beauty could not leſſen his grief, that he could not bend the *Mareſhales* heart. He came to make the laſt Tryal of overcoming it, but *Buſſy* having already done it, and having Deſert and Love enough to preſerve his Conqueſt, the Duke underſtood from the *Mareſhale*, he was paſt hope.

Madam *de Bonneval* having given him the occaſion by her arrival, he took leave. *Chateauneuf* came with her, with deſign either to break off the converſation of *Buſſy* with the *Mareſhale*, or to be a witneſs of all that paſſed, but ſhe came too late, and *Buſſy* retired, unwilling to beget a jealouſie in his Miſtriſs, or hopes in *Chateauneuf*; *Grillon*, and *Ligneroles* went home with him to ſupper. After they were gone, he began to think of his happineſs, and how bleſſed a thing it was to be well-beloved; his heart had not been accuſtomed to ſuch delight, nor could he reliſh it with moderation, but coming afterwards to examine cloſer what his good fortune was, he found ſomething wanting, which he reſerved till the morrow, to deſire his Miſtriſs to perfect.

The

The Court was to lie at *Eſtampes*, he feigned to begone, and underſtanding the *Mareſhale* was in her chamber, he was brought in by *L'Hermite*.

What come you hither for? ſaid ſhe, at his entrance, I believed you already gone; and was preparing to rail at you: he was about to anſwer when one came in to tell her, that Madam *de Bonneval* and the Duke of *Guiſe* deſired to ſee her. *Buſſy* deſired the *Mareſhale* he might be hid, becauſe he was believed to be gone, and being found there, they would ſuſpect he had a great intelligence with her. *L'Hermite* undertook that care, who thruſt him into a Cloſet near the *Mareſhales* Bed, whilſt ſhe went to meet them, leſt they ſhould perceive *Buſſy* was with her. She masked her ſurprize at their arrival, by feigning a great Headach; Madam *de Bonneval* propoſed remedies for it, but ſhe refuſed them, and her friend divined not thoſe would have done it. Perhaps ſhe had deſired not to be interrupted. *Buſſy* was in a flame of Love, and in a fair road, and I doubt not but he would have ſtood in it. Madam *de Bonneval* and the Duke of *Guiſe*, apprehending

the grief less then it was, endeavored to be perſwaded, made their viſit very long. Love has its impatiencies, judge thoſe of *Buſſy*. Hearing eaſily all that was ſaid in the chamber; he overheard Madam *de Bonneval* ask the *Mareſhale* what was a clock, for ſhe muſt be gone at ten, and reaching to a ſounding Watch that hung in the Cloſet, he made it ſtrike that hour. The *Mareſhale* who knew her Watch went right, eaſily conceived *Buſſy* had put it forward. In ſhort, Madam *de Bonneval* and the Duke went and left them a full liberty of entertainment.

After having given ſome Orders to *L'Hermite*, ſhe opened the Cloſet door, and *Buſſy* came into her chamber, when immediately a great noiſe was heard below, and word brought there was fire, and that the Flames increaſed: ſhe would have ſeen her Houſe burn, and her Houſhold-ſtuff, well known to be the moſt Magnificent of the Kingdom, conſumed without the leaſt trouble, but the fear ſhe was in of *Buſſy*'s danger, cruelly afflicted her; and notwithſtanding the arrival of *Ligneroles*, ſhe would go into the Cloſet where *L'Hermite* had once more hid him, when the Flames that iſ-

ſued

sued from the door made her believe her Lover was consumed. What a loss at the point of being happy, and recompensing *Bussy* for all his Labor and his Love! she swounded, and none but *L'Hermite* at present knew the cause, *Ligneroles*, who was to part next morning, passing by that Street, saw the neighbors run towards her House, and understanding the cause, comes directly to her Apartment, where the Fire first took; One whole wing of her House was burnt, in despite of all help could be brought. The *Mareshale* reviv'd from her swound, and he withdrew, the Servants had repaired as much as possible the strange disorder caused by the Fire, but the *Mareshales* Lodgings being quite burnt, they were forced to make ready for her another Chamber. *L'Hermite* caused the ruines of the Closet and Chamber to be searched for *Bussy*'s Body, but all in vain. The *Mareshale* sad and desperate, Commanding her to take a Torch, would go her self, to see if she could not discover the unhappy remains of a Man she had so dearly loved; but passing out of her Chamber, she rejoyced to find him alive; he told her, that perceiving the Fire took

Hold of the Closet, he chose rather to leap into the Garden, then expose himself to what might have been talked, had he been seen pass through the Chamber, which he could hardly have that way avoided. That being concealed by the darkness, he waited a time to get away undiscerned, but when he thought he had found the opportunity, feared to be discovered by *Ligneroles* domestiques, hindred him, and made him return back, that the Fire being quell'd and nigh far spent, not knowing how to get out of the House, he sought for *L'Hermites* Chamber, when now he met her. *Bussy* saw her all in Tears, her Hair in disorder, and only in her Night-Gown, but in that negligence she discovered great Beauties, which still inflamed his desires.

Madam *de Bonneval*, who knew not the accident till it was late, returned to the *Mareshale* assoon as she heard it. *L'Hermite* brought *Bussy* into a Wardrobe belonging to her chamber, and which on the other side, had a door into a Gallery of Pictures, and put him into a great Press, lest Madam *de Bonneval* should see him. She condoled with the *Mareshale* for

for her loſs, and judging ſhe would have but an ill night of it in that Chamber, preſſed her to go lodge with her. This propoſition pleaſed not *Buſſy* who hearkened to it, and he feared her acceptance of the offer, had ſhe had his thoughts ſhe had ſtaid, but not able to withſtand the urgent intreaties of Madam *Bonneval*, ſhe conſented, and after having whiſpered ſomething to *L'Hermite*, goes into the Wardrobe, telling Madam *Bonneval* ſhe would immediately return: and *L'Hermite* who by her Miſtreſs order, gave light but by halfs, being ready to open the Preſs, ſaw him juſt by her; deſerve what I have done for you by a kind and faithful paſſion; I love you, as you may perceive, ſaid ſhe to him, kiſſing him, and I beg you would not be gone. He was ſo ſurprized at the ſight and action of the *Mareſhale*, that he could not riſe, he onely took one of her hands, and ſqueezing it between his, ſighed. Madam *de Bonneval* at the ſame time was coming towards the Wardrobe, but *L'Hermite* feigning to light better, lifting up the Candle, put it out againſt the door, ſhe run preſently to take another, which was on the Chamber-Table, and the

Mareſhale fearing leſt Madam *de Bonneval* ſhould diſcover *Buſſy*, came to meet her juſt at the time the Candle was put out, and led her back to her chamber; *L'Hermite* bringing another lighted one. In ſhort, ſhe went to lodge with Madam *de Bonneval*, leaving charge to *L'Hermite* to be careful that *Buſſy* might go out unperceived, which ſhe performed. Aſſoon as he was gone thence, he cauſed Horſes to be brought, parted from *Paris*, and by ſix a clock in the morning o'retook the Court at *Eſtampes*. The *Mareſhales* ſurprize at his departure, was ſo much the greater, becauſe ſhe believed ſhe had explained her thoughts to him in ſo kind a manner, as could not deſerve this Ingratitude. How cruelly was ſhe angry at her ſelf, for having been ſo yielding; ſhe reſolved to love him no more, but Love ſoon made her know, he is not ſo eaſily rid off, and that he is a ſort of gueſt not to be driven when one will, from that Heart he has once taken poſſeſſion of.

She askes *L'Hermite*, if *Buſſy* had ſaid nothing to her when he went, and underſtood he had ſaid nothing, but ſeemed melancholly, and ſhe gueſt it happened

pened by reaſon of Madam *de Bonnevals* coming, and that not having expected her going to lodge with her, he could not undergo ſo cruel a diſappointment, without being extreamly afflicted.

I told you that *Buſſy* left *Neufville* his truſty friend at *Paris*, he was to believe in Madam *de Bonneval*, and to agree with her in what manner they might beſt ſerve him with his Miſtriſs in his abſence, whom though *Buſſy* had offended in the tendreſt part of her ſoul, far from imitating his proceedings; ſhe continued to love him, and forgot not the leaſt duty of a kind and faithful Lover. Madam *de Bonneval* knew nothing of *Buſſys* being hid in the Cloſet and Wardrobe, but there are ſecrets Love keeps only for its ſelf.

She now begins to put in practice the ingenious deſign ſhe had contrived to ruine the correſpondence between the *Mareſhale* and him.

Neufville was a Man proper for her deſign, he was young, handſome, and diſcreet, but he had a Heart of Wax, and by that ſhe believed ſhe might revenge the ſcorn ſhe thought *Buſſy* had put upon her, when he gave *Grillon* that Letter and Bracelet ſhe had ſent only to himſelf.

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The *Mareſhale* who would not give occaſion to ſuſpect the reaſons ſhe had to complain of him, told them, that ſhe remembred him with delight, and that his abſence much more troubled her, then ever any Perſons did. Some true friends gave this account to *Buſſy*, but *Neufvilles* Love contradicted it as well as the Treaſon of Madam *de Bonneval*, who obſerving *Neufvilles* joy when he ſaw the *Mareſhale*, and his Heavineſs when he parted from her, conceived it eaſie to make him a Lover, if already he were not. What is in your mind, ſaid ſhe to him, one day, that you doe not love; look upon the *Mareſhale*, there is nothing ſo beautiful, you are an accompliſhed Perſon, and have deſert enough, and why ſhould you be ungrateful to your ſelf; ſhe told him ſo many other fine things, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſeduced, and it muſt be added, that the ſweet and obliging carriage of the *Mareſhale* compleated his loſs by deceiving him: thus he became unfaithful to his friend, but Love was his excuſe, and when he undertakes a juſtification, we are conſtrained to grant pardon to the moſt guilty.

Neuf-

Neufville then forgot all that he ought to the eſteem and friendſhip of *Buſſy*, believing that his paſſion ought to ſee nothing beyond its own ſatisfaction.

Ligneroles who ſtayed a day after his Rival, overtook not the Court till they came to *Orleans*, where a Feavor ſeized *Chateauneuf*. Its acceſſes not having been violent, *Monſieur* reſolved to go as far as *Blois*, but the next day the diſtemper doubling, ſhe was conſtrained to ſtay.

Whilſt Love is forming theſe cruel vexations for *Buſſy*, Madam *de Bonneval* entruſts the *Mareſhale* with the whole ſecret of her commerce with *Grillon*. Love had ſome difficulty to enter her Heart that way, but at laſt he found a paſſage; her anger againſt *Buſſy* aſſiſted, and the diligence and conſtancy of *Grillon* compleated the reſt. How ſtand things, ſaid the *Mareſhale* to her; does he know you love him? I think he has no reaſon to doubt it, anſwered Madam *de Bonneval*, I have writ to him, in a manner ſufficiently explaining my thoughts, and as we ſeldom forget things done for what we love, I believe I remember that Letter to be thus.

YOu are very preſſing, and I have occaſion enough to complain of you: I might juſtly load you with a thouſand reproaches, but I cannot; content your ſelf to know that you are not forbid gueſſing, whether I love or hate you: Put your ſelf in a condition to deſerve the firſt, by your Love and Faithfulneſs, and I promiſe to ſecure you from all pains, may accompany the latter.

What was *Grillons* anſwer, ſaid the *Mareſhale*; ſhall not I know whither he writ kindly: you are about to be judge of it, ſaid ſhe, drawing a Letter from her Pocket, where ſhe read,

SInce happy Lovers are never content, you cannot wonder if I complain, who am not ſo. 'Tis the property of Love ſtill to be asking, and I have never yet received ſo much from him, that I can think he deſerves thanks for his Preſents. But if he reſolve to make me any, let them come by your hands, all I can receive elſewhere, will bring little ſatisfaction, and without your goodneſs, I cannot but be unhappy, would you have me ſo?

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No, doubtleſs he ſhall not be ſo, if his happineſs depends on me, purſued ſhe, returning again her Letter, his Deſert and Love have made a great progreſs in my Heart, and if I continue in this mind, I am perſwaded there will be many other Lovers more to be pittied then he; what do we ſignify if we love not, without Love there is no ſolid Pleaſure, and without that of what uſe is Life? we are ſoon tired with the conſtraints of ſeverity, and by that we may find how cruel the Laws are to us, reducing us to extract our ſhame from the ſame Center whence Men draw ſubjects of Eſteem and Glory; but do you know what we ought to do? raiſe our ſelves above theſe ſorts of Laws, and Love, ſince nature has given us Hearts tender and ſenſible: That Sage-Mother would not have let us be born with ſuch ſtrong inclinations of loving, unleſs ſhe had deſigned us to requite with Love Mens Love to us? let us then follow the bent of our own Hearts, and believe that that Virtue which has ſo many pains and troubles for its guard, is only an endowment which Women unprovided of allurements of the Body, or charms of the Mind have maliciouſly

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invented, to revenge the Scorn Nature has thrown on them, but we who have thanks to return to her, may tread in more pleasant paths, and since Love is accounted one of the greatest Virtues, is it not so always to do virtuously, so follow what it inspires.

This is, doubtless, most singular Morality, said the *Mareschale*, but who is it will begin the practice of it; there have some been found in all times, replyed Madam *de Bonneval*, and you and I should do very prudently in following these Maximes.

'Twas thus, she concluded, the discovery of her passion. The same day that the King arrived at *Blois*, where the Articles of the Treaty of Peace were at last decided, by which the *Hugonots* obtained the greatest part of their desires. The Marriage of the King of *Navarre* was likewise agreed on, and a Courier sent to *Jane D'Albret*, Queen of *Navarre*, to advertise her of it, and to press her coming to *Blois*, whither the Court was onely come for the easier accommodating the affairs of that Marriage and the Peace.

Monsieur

Monſieur went every other day to ſee *Chateauneuf* at *Orleans*; her Feavor having left her, ſhe was carried back to *Paris* by direction of the Phyſitians.

Buſſy and *Ligneroles* led a ſad life at *Blois*, and the deſtiny of the happieſt was ſo averſe, that he believed himſelf moſt to be pittied and lamented. They were one evening in the Garden, but apart. *Grillon* was with *Buſſy*, to whom he was ſhowing a Letter he had received from Madam *de Bonneval*. *Ligneroles* who walked alone, and was ſomewhat near them, ſeeing a Letter in *Buſſy*'s hands, believed it came from the *Mareſhale*; If I could hate you, ſaid he, drawing towards him, I ſhould not be ſo unhappy, and perhaps the pleaſure of revenging my ſelf on a Rival that triumphs over me, would help me to ſupport with leſs grief, the cruelties of the *Mareſhale*. There was, ſaid *Buſſy*, but one way, wherein I deſired to be Maſter; I hoped all from my Love, and from her I love, but you have deprived me of the only good, could make me happy, by telling me my happineſs makes you deſpair; you that are loved, you that know it, and to whom it has not only been told in my preſence, but

you have likewiſe received a favour which was only due to my love; alas, 'tis of that cruel favour I complain, replyed *Ligneroles*, I am ſenſible it was deſigned for you, I was not uſed to be ſo treated, and had I had my choice, ſhould rather have been content with uſual and known rigors, then a moments kindneſs received from chance, and not from the heart of the *Mareſhale*. Hitherto, ſaid *Buſſy*, interrupting, we have lived rather like Friends then Rivals, let us continue to do ſo; *Grillon* is not to be ſuſpected, we may freely ſpeak our thoughts before him. To ſhow you I approve what you ſay, replyed *Ligneroles*, I am about to tell you that not being able to reſolve on my departure without having ſome privacy with the *Mareſhale*, I went to kiſs her hands that evening the fire took in her Lodgings. That accident ſo affrighted her, that ſhe ſwounded, but I ſuſpected not the true cauſe of it, till an hour after, I made a ſhow of being gone, and hid my ſelf. *L'Hermite* came to ſearch among the ruines of the Chamber, and I thought I heard her name you. I gueſs'd it not impoſſible, but you might be ſtayed at *Paris*, and in the Lady *Mareſhales* houſe, though

you

you were believed to be gone. Alas, I was but too certain of it, ſome time after I ſaw come forth the *Mareſhale* with *L'Hermite*, who told her there was no doubt to be made but you periſhed in the Flames of the Cloſet; her Tears affected me, and I was juſt about to diſcover my ſelf when you appeared, and ſeeking a place to hide my ſelf, turned back into a Chamber, and ſate me down neer a Preſs. What could I think of your return, and of the kindneſs of the *Mareſhale*, when ſhe came up to me? Ah *Ligneroles*, ſaid *Buſſy*, interrupting him, tell me not that I wiſh I had never known: then he related to him all had happened with her; and perceiving his thoughts concerning *Grillons* Letter, prayed him to ſhow the Character, but *Ligneroles* would not ſee it, *Buſſy* having aſſured him, that it was not from the *Mareſhale*; having thus cleared their ſuſpitions, they parted with ſuch expreſſions of Eſteem and Friendſhip, that *Grillon* was amazed to think how Rivals could live in ſuch good intelligence, but theſe were no common Men.

'Twas now Bathing-time. *Buſſy* who was preſcribed it, went every night; ſo did the King and moſt part of the Court.

He ſcarce knew how to ſwim, but truſting to his little cunning, ventured out of his depth, and the ſtream carried him away; he ſtrove againſt it, and endeavoured to regain the ſhore, but all his ſtriving was in vain; in the end he grew weaker and weaker, breath and motion failed him, and he was ready to ſink to the bottom, when a Man ſwimming with skill and ſtrength, div'd ſo luckily after him, that in a moment he roſe again holding *Buſſy*. Every one cryed out aſſoon as they perceived the danger, but 'twas *Ligneroles* outſtript all that would have ſaved him, and repaid *Buſſy* the ſuccor he had once given him. He was carried home, having ſcarce any ſence, and 'twas *Grillon* told him how *Ligneroles* had ſaved him; he came to him ſoon after, and what they ſaid, was worthy of what they had done the one for the other. The Court had then reſolved to depart within two days for *Borgueil*, though *Buſſy* was not in a condition to goe within thoſe two days, yet he would have followed it, but *Ligneroles* and *Grillon* oppoſed it.

His Grief was not ſo great to hinder the thinking of his Love; The *Mareſchale* was innocent, he had offended her

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in coming away againſt her Orders, and without telling the cauſe, and had neither writ to Madam *de Bonneval*, nor to *Neufville*, he reſolved to go aſſoon as he was recovered, and repair his fault with ſo much ſervice, that ſhe ſhould loſe the memory of it.

With his hopes in a ſhort time to ſee the *Mareſhale*, there grew up a melancholly he could not ſuppreſs; *Ligneroles* was the cauſe of it, his Merits, his generous Thoughts, and the greatneſs of his Soul; all troubled him; not that he had not a Rival he might hate, but that he had a friend, whom he was not in a condition to ſerve and make happy. Theſe ſad thoughts were his entertainers one morning, when *Grillon* came back to *Blois*, and told him, *Ligneroles* was killed as he was Hunting, and that within five hundred paces of the King. The grief he conceived at his death is not to be imagined; he would have riſen, and returned to the Court, made open complaints, and thrown out reproches and threats, but what would they have done? are the Great obliged to give an account of their actions? or agrees it not with their intereſt and authority to puniſh Pride and Inſolence? The

King would doubtleſs have chaſtis'd this in *Buſſy*, had he had the boldneſs to ſpeak, but *Grillons* good Counſels hindred his going, and on the morrow he went with him towards *Paris*.

Madam *de Bonneval* made uſe of *Buſſy*'s abſence, ſhe omitted no occaſion of blaming his carriage and forgetfulneſs. The *Mareſhale* for the moſt part heard her, but without anſwering her, and made her judge by her manner of acting, that ſhe was kind and conſtant; her cunning becoming fruitleſs on the *Mareſhales* part, ſhe attempted to ſucceed by *Neufvilles*, who aſſiſted but two much with his love; all being fittingly diſpoſed for the deſign by her contrived, ſhe ſends an expreſs to *Grillon* with Letters which he received at *Orleans*, after *Ligneroles* death was known at *Paris*; at which the *Mareſhale* was very lively afflicted, but had the ſatisfaction to know that ſhe could not alone grieve his death, whom all the world lamented.

Buſſy received a Letter by *Grillon* from Madam *de Bonneval*, which gave him notice of the infidelity of the *Mareſhale*.

After he had made *Grillon* read it, what ſhall I do, ſaid he? this unlooked for misfortune

fortune over-whelms me, and in the condition I am, I know not what to resolve.

Grillon seemed at first as troubled as he, but at length counselled him to make haste to *Paris*, and above all things convince himself of the matter. *Bussy* approved *Grillons* advice, and sent back the Express empty: Being come to *Paris*, Madam *de Bonneval*, who was content with *Grillons* love, received him like a lover she hated not, and he appeared not unworthy her reception. However, though she gave him a thousand testimonies of her trust and kindness, yet she never let him know either her anger or design of revenge on *Bussy*; she spoke of him with esteem, she seemed earnest to serve him, and it was she had advised him of his Mistress treason. We are less sensible of any affront, then that committed against our love. That offence is most cruel, and he that receives it without deserving it, has strange griefs to undergo. In the midst of all these perplexities his love still subsisted; and the inclinations of his heart told him sufficiently, that he must still love, though he knew himself forsaken. Then thinking of his unknown Rival, who had snatched from him what had

coſt him ſo much to ſeek after, fain would he have found out who this happy man ſhould be, but would never have gueſt *Neufville*, whom he believed his friend, tell he was diſabuſed the next morning, when Madam *de Bonneval* made *Grillon* tell him, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him. He came at the hour appointed, and without ſtopping at the unneceſſary circumſtances of this interview, I will onely tell you, that ſhe hid *Buſſy*, and that ſoon after *Neufville* entred, he had a Black Satten Suit, Embroidered with Silk of the ſame, and between ſpace and ſpace might be ſeen double *L L* in Embroidery of Pearls. *Buſſy* at firſt ſight, gueſt not what thoſe Cifers meant, but he ſoon found out they were the *Mareſhales*, who was of the Houſe of *Luſtrac*. She was not long ere ſhe came, and Madam *de Bonneval*, feigning to order her head-tire at the Glaſs, *Buſſy* over-heard the *Mareſhale* ſay to *Neufville*, I fear leaſt you undertake to pleaſe me, you muſt ſucceed in it; your manners are ſo obliging, you are ſo ingenuous and complaiſant, and have ſo much eſtimable merit, that I fear I cannot reſiſt it. Change your procedure, it is too winning, and know that I will not

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be affected. These words were pronounced by a delicate mouth, and the fairest eyes in the World glanced favorably on *Neufville*, and *Bussy* believed all this due onely to his love. Have no care nor complaisance for me, continued she, nor prefer me before all other Ladies, nor shall I be so weak to love you for it. How happy was *Neufville*? And how desperate grew *Bussy*? He was in the mind to come forth and upbraid the perfidiousness of his Friend and Mistress; but knowing that it is love always makes reproaches and complaints, he withdrew, without hearing out the remainder of their discourse, which he believed he could not quietly listen to. The *Mareshale* knew not of his return, no more then did *Neufville*.

About twenty paces from the *Mareshales*, *Bussy* met *Chateauneuf*, who desirous to know some news from the Court, and to tell him that *Neufville* was his Rival, carried him to the *Tuilleries*, whither he had designed to go. Whilst he walked two turns with her, he gave her an accompt of all she desired to know, and told her so respectively, that he would never love, that she had not the power to complain of a Man she could not hate.

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In vain would she have disswaded him from loving the *Mareshale*, he remained constant, though he thought himself not obliged to do so.

As soon as *Neufville* was parted from Madam *de Bonnevals* House, the *Mareshale* and she came to the *Tuilleries*; they discerned *Chateauneuf* at a great distance, and the nigher they drew, the more Madam *de Bonneval* obliged the *Mareshale* to observe, that the man was with her did much resemble *Bussy*. She granted the resemblance, but could hardly believe she saw him, till *Bussy* and *Chateauneuf* turned towards them; the *Mareshale* blushed at the sight of her lover, he passed by her with much respect, and could not forbear looking after her; but he spoke not, and continued his walk with *Chateauneuf*.

Madam *de Bonneval* whose design was to increase the *Mareshales* grief, put her in mind how she would not believe her, when she had formerly told her *Bussy* loved *Chateauneuf*. Ingrateful Man, said she to her, do you see in what manner he treats you; after all this, can you love him? to be in *Paris* without seeing you, and publickly sacrifice your love at the feet

feet of your Rival. Alaſs, ſaid ſhe, I feel all you can inſtil into me, but let me ſuffer and complain, I have no need of your Counſels, and will onely follow the dictates of my own heart. *Buſſy* at his return home, told *Grillon* all he had ſeen and heard at Madam *de Bonnevals*.

So great a cauſe of deſpair in ſo conſtant a Paſſion, the Treaſon of the *Mareſhale*, and the death of *Ligneroles*, infinitely perplexed him, and created ſufferings he could hardly undergo; ſometimes he was reſolved to love no more, but to ſeek in a quiet Retreat, the Remedy of ſo many Griefs. *Grillon* told him, that was to yield the *Mareſhale* to *Neufville*, and that he ought to make her return, either for glory or for loves ſake, but he was too incenſed to follow this advice.

Some days after, the Court arrived at *Paris* with the Queen of *Navarre*, who joyned it at what time it was at *Bloys*.

The ties of Friendſhip and Intereſt which had formerly been between the late King of *Navarre*, and the *Mareſhale de St. Andre* had made her have a great eſteem for his Perſon after his death; ſhe had preſerved for the *Mareſhale*, the ſame thoughts ſhe had had for her Husband,

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ſhe Commanded her to ſee her often, and had no cauſe to blame her neglects, for that ſhe ſeldom was from that Queen, but ſhared in all her divertiſements and all her pleaſures.

Queen *Catherine* of *Medices* mortally hated her; ſhe knew that *Jean* of *Albret* had remonſtrated to the King of *Navarre*, that he might be choſen Head of that Faction divided *France*, if he knew how to make uſe of the occaſion of taking the Authority into his hands. If this counſel had been executed with as much boldneſs as was given with judgement, *Catherine de Medices* had been no longer Miſtriſs of affairs; ſhe could not live without ruling; but the King of *Navarre* being too moderate, and ſuffering himſelf to be carried away with the paſſion he had for *Mademoiſelle de Roy*, who was gained by *Catherine de Medices*, he yielded to her what he could not keep. This was the true foundation of that hate, ended not but with the death of *Jean* of *Albret*.

Buſſy was gone to *Chantilly* to viſit the Duke of *Montmorency*, then returned from *England*, whither he had been ſent to hinder Queen *Elizabeth* from giving aſſiſtance to the *Hugonots*, by propoſing

a Match with the Duke *D'Alanzon* *Buſſy* ſtaid there two days, during which came the Queen of *Navarre*, under pretence of ſeeing his fine Houſe, but indeed to engage him in the intereſts of the King of *Navarre*, the better to oppoſe the hatred and Authority of *Katherine*, who in the ruines of the greateſt Men of the Kingdom would not ſpare the *Montmorency's*, whom ſhe ever hated, both becauſe of their uprightneſs, and becauſe they would not abaſe themſelves, to depend directly on her power.

The Duke civilly received the Queen of *Navarre*, but would not enter into any Treaty with her, though ſome forbore not afterwards to give other interpretations to the conference he had with this Queen; and had not he prudently remained at *Chantilly* during the King of *Navarr's* Wedding, he had been poſſibly enveloped on that diſmal *St. Bartholomews* day, which coſt *France* ſo much blood.

The Duke treated her with all the Magnificence ſhe could expect from a great King. The *Mareſhale* was with her, ſtill fair, but Languiſhing and negligent of her ſelf. *Catherine de Medices* not able

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to ſuffer the Imperious humour, the Spirit, the Courage, and the Conſtancy of *Jeane d'Albret*, and her hatred making her take cruel reſolutions, ſhe ſoon after put them in execution.

Buſſy's Merits were well known, though he had not yet that great repute he afterwards gained; There were then few men of *France* had ſo much Wit, Valour, or good Mien as he: The Duke *de Montmorency* preſented him to the Queen, ſhe received him ſo kindly that he was compelled to ſtay at *Chantilly*, though he were reſolved to return to *Paris*; beſides the entreaties of the Duke, and the ſight of his Miſtreſs abating his deſire of going ſo ſoon, he the eaſier conſented to ſtay.

There was in *Chantilly* a Hall and a Cloſet of Armes, whither the Conſtable *Anne de Montmorency* had cauſed to be brought from all Europe, what could moſt worthily embelliſh them with what ever was rich or rare. Above all theſe things was in eſteem a Scimitar ſet with Diamonds and Emeralds, which the Grand Signor *Soliman* had ſent him, together with a Hanger or Dagger all adorned with Rubies; The Queen, curious to ſee all the

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ſeveral Rooms and Magnificent Furniture which adorned them, paſſed into this Hall of Armes, and thence into the Cloſet, where ſhe was ſhowed that Dagger, thought beyond all vallue, both for the Stones which enriched it, and for its workmanſhip, which added to its beauty and Ornament.

After it had been in the Queens and ſome other hands, the *Mareſhale* would ſee it, and having ſufficiently admired it, *Buſſy* not being far from her, having obſerved his ſtand, ſhe went towards him, and drawing out the Dagger, and ſetting it with a threatning look to his breſt, *To what uſe*, ſaid ſhe, *ought this to be deſtin'd: To pierce the moſt faithleſs of all hearts*, ſaid he, taking the point and turning it towards the *Mareſhale*: This Anſwer ſurprized her, and ſhe expected not ſuch a reproach, who could not believe ſhe deſerved it. *Ah Buſſy* (replyed ſhe in a doleful accent) *there was never a more faithleſs— then yours*, *Madam* (ſaid he, interrupting her) They were entring into a Diſcourſe had not been ſoon finiſh'd, but the Queen going out of the Cloſet called the *Mareſhale* who accompanyed her

Madam *de Bonneval* was not at *Chantilly*; the

she *Mareſhale* had intreated her to go, and *Grillon* had deſired her to ſtay at *Paris*; thus the Friend was refuſed, and the Lover had his requeſt. Was not this very juſt? they could never before converſe with ſo much Love as they had a deſire to do. *Grillon* now paſſed one part of the day with her, the Lady was tender, in ſhort, they ſaid a thouſand things were never told. This entertainment being on their own private account, and they being diſcreet Lovers, all that paſſed could never be known; but, it may be judged they treated of nothing leſs then indifferency, and the curious have obſerved that they receivedoften theſe Entertainments, and that if Love had not been mixed with them, they had not taken ſo much delight in talking without witneſſes.

Was not Madam *de Bonneval* too happy? ſhe was beloved by one of the honeſteſt men of *France*; ſhe had by her cunning betray'd her Friend, made *Buſſy* unhappy in ſtead of doing him Services as ſhe had promiſed; ſhe fears not the penalties, treaſon and perfidiouſneſs deſerve; ſhe triumphs o're the misfortunes of the *Mareſhale* and *Buſſy*, and when

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ſhe is with *Grillon* forgets all the World, the better to think of her Love.

The *Mareſhale* and *Buſſy* found often at *Chantilly* opportunities of talking; but the *Mareſhales* fierceneſs, and *Buſſyes* ſhame and anger to be forſaken, hindred them from uttering what they even died with a deſire of ſpeaking. Thus each had their grief and affliction. *Buſſy*, that to find the *Mareſhale* more lovely, ſince he believed her falſe; The *Mareſhale*, to obſerve in *Buſſy* a ſadneſs which had very much changed his countenance.

The Queen of *Navarre* returned on the morrow to *Paris*, but *Buſſy* ſtaid yet one day with the Duke of *Montmorency*, after which he returned to Court: he became every day more and more in Love, and the beauty of the *Mareſhale* made him forget the infidelity he thought her guilty of.

Madam *de Bonneval* continued ſtill ſeeing the Lady *Mareſhale*, that is to ſay deceiving her. *L'Hermite* told her judgment, but it was not well received, and ſhe was ſilent. *Buſſy* ſeldome ſaw Madam *de Bonneval*, ſhe complained to *Grillon* that he might tell him, but he had no more an inclination towards her; he

looked upon her as the cauſe of her misfortune without ſuſpecting her Treaſon, and he could have wiſhed never to have heard the perſon he loved pronounce words in favour of another; but, the thing was done, he had ſeen, he had heard, Can he any longer doubt?

So many cauſes of ſorrow in a paſſion ſo tenderly preſerved, tormented him beyond a power of enduring; ſo that he was often in the mind to quit utterly his love, and ſilently retreat from the World.

The Soul of the *Mareſhale* was toſſed with no leſs violent ſtorms, ſhe was loth to loſe *Buſſy*, and ſhe gave ſufficient aſſurances of it one evening that ſhe found him at the Queen of *Navarr's*. She was reſolved to know if he yet loved her, and made uſe of an ingenuous feigned device to diſcover his thoughts. *Will* Buſſy *refuſe to ſerve me* (ſaid ſhe.) *I ſhould* (ſaid he) *but I cannot, I have loved you too well. Ah 'tis not that which I deſire,* (replyed ſhe interrupting him) *come to me to morrow and you ſhall know what I have to ſay.* She had time to ſay no more by reaſon of the arrival of Madam, who beginning to fancy ſome intereſt in *Buſſy*, obſerved

obſerved nicely all his actions. On the morrow going towards the *Mareſhales*, he paſſed by Madam *de Bonnevals*, where he ſaw *Neufville* enter; *L'Hermite* had order to make *Buſſy* ſtay, ſhe told him his Miſtriſs dined at Madam *de Bonnevals*, and that ſhe would return immediately.

He was about to go and ſurprize the *Mareſhale* and *Neufville*, and to load them with a thouſand reproaches; but *L'Hermite* who underſtood the moſt part of his melancholy hindred his going out: In ſhort, the *Mareſhale* ſoon returned, ſhe would not ſee *Neufville*, but had left him in the hands of Madam *de Bonneval*, who too officiouſly preſſed her to hear what he would ſay.

Being then alone in her Chamber with *Buſſy*; *Though all treaty of love be for ever ended between us* (ſaid ſhe) *yet I have ſo great an eſteem for you as to aske your Counſel, Will you give it me? Buſſy* promiſed it, and ſhe proceeded thus. *Since I have loſt all hopes of being beloved by you, I think it may be permitted me to engage in another violent paſſion which may laſt all my life, my heart whiſpers me in favour of* Neufville, *he is worthy of love, he loves me, What do you counſel me? To hearken to all that your*

heart dictates Madam (reply'd *Buſſy*) *and to give your ſelf wholly to* Neufville. *But if I love him* (reply'd ſhe) *if I have given him markes of it, and if I do all I can to perſwade him that no one can be more beloved than I do him, Will you have no regret for what you loſe. What matter whether I am unhappy or deſperate* (reply'd he) *you may love, you may be happy, and you may have the pleaſure never more to remember* Buſſy: *follow, follow your own thoughts Madam, and never think of thoſe cruel torments you make me undergo. Ah Ingrateful Man,* (ſaid the *Mareſhale*) *Will you forſake me then? you that have made me ſo ſenſible, Can you Counſel me to give my ſelf to another? You have done it already* (ſaid *Buſſy*, interrupting her and ſighing) *and I have known but too well how dearly you love* Neufville. *Is it poſſible that you can upbraid me in the leaſt* (reply'd ſhe) *you who went hence for the progreſs in deſpite of that kindneſs of mine to requeſt your ſtay? Ah* Ligneroles (cry'd Buſſy) *How happy were you at that time, and how did I envy the delights you then enjoyed?* He told the *Mareſhale* in what manner ſhe had been deceiv'd, ſhe bluſht at what ſhe underſtood from *Buſſy*, and the confuſion ſhe

ſhe appeared in made her yet ſeem fairer.

In ſum, he told her he could no longer doubt her being falſe, that he ſaw her at Madam *Bonnevals* with *Neufville*, and heard her ſay to him a thouſand kind and obliging things. The *Mareſhale* fell a Laughing at this diſcourſe, *Buſſy* grew angry, and would have been gone, when *Neufville* entred the room, whatever *L'Hermite* could do to hinder him, and though the *Mareſhale* had forbid his entrance; He looked pale, and grief and repentance ſeemed lively repreſented in his Countenance: Having demanded only the favour of Audience from the *Mareſhale* and *Buſſy*, it was granted him, and he ſpoke thus. *Had I not been aſſiſted and preſſed forward to become ſo guilty, I had never betrayed either the truſt or friendſhip of* Buſſy, *or have dared to proſecute my Love; but, Madam, will you believe me, 'twas Madam* de Bonneval *who counſelled me to love you, and to tell you ſo, thence had my crime its ſpring; your inchanting carriage, your charming features, and in ſhort all your Beauties brought it into a Stream.* The *Mareſhale* who had a reſpect for Madam *de Bonneval*, could ſcarce be-

believe this perfidiousness; but *Bussy* having pul'd out of his pocket a Letter which she had writ for his return, she could no longer be doubtful of her treason, after having read her words.

RETURN. Bussy, the Mareshales *constancy stands in need of you: Her heart is assaulted in one of its most sensible places, I know it, and know she cannot visit. You have a Rival thought too lovely, his sight in one moment destroyes all that ought to be reserved for your passion. How unhappy are men to have so much Love for ungrateful Women.*

She well knew the Character to be Madam *de Bonnevals*, and withal remembring how she had still endeavoured to divert her from loving *Bussy*, she began to search the cause.

Will you tell me the truth (said she to him) *Did Madam* de Bonneval *never love you? possibly some refusal you made of her heart, has made her attempt revenge on yours. I know nothing certainly Madam* (said he, after having thought a little while on what she had said) *but I have some suspitions you may possibly help me to give some light*

light to. He then began to tell her of the requeſt *Grillon* had made to him, to ſerve him with Madam *de Bonneval*, in what manner it was performed, and the interruption given by *Madame* and *Chateaneuf*; and, that on the morrow ſhe ſent the Note and the hair Bracelet, which he carried to *Grillon*. There needs no more ſaid the *Mareſhale*: The cauſe of *Bonnevals* hate is plain, ſhe applyed to your ſelf what you ſaid for *Grillon*, and *Grillon* doubtleſs received a favour deſign'd for you: In the end, ſhe would juſtifie her ſelf, concerning thoſe thouſand kind things *Buſſy* had heard her ſay to *Neufville*, aſſuring them to be cauſed by Madam *de Bonnevals* artifice, and that ſhe had engaged her to ſpeak ſo to *Neufville*, to diſcover if he were truly in Love with her, by counſelling, that if it were ſo, to command his abſence, that *Buſſy* might have no cauſe of complaint at his return. He underſtood as well as the *Mareſhale* that he had unhappily contributed to make the Treaſon ſucceed, and that Madam *de Bonneval* had managed all things ſo well, that any other as well as he would have believed her the moſt unfaithful woman living. *Neufville* hearkned,

ned, and could not but be amazed to hear how farr Madam *de Bonneval* had carry'd her lies and treachery, when the *Mareſhale* prayed him to let *Buſſy* know how ſhe had finiſh'd that Diſcourſe, of which as he had told her, he had heard the beginning. *Imagine* (ſaid he) *what pleaſure I had to hear ſuch kind and charming words pronounced in my favour, for, Who had ever the like ſaid to them? I hoped, and I dare ſay I believed I was beloved; but, How great was my deſpair? when, after having acknowledged I was in Love. Ingrateful and moſt perfidious man that you are* (ſaid ſhe) *going away from me; Is it thus that you ſerve,* Buſſy? *Love will not permit me, Madam* (ſaid I) *and I obey his commands. Let me never ſee you more* (ſaid ſhe interrupting me) *It begets a horrour in me to behold ſuch unworthy proceedings in a man of Honour.* At theſe words ſhe turned to reproach Madam *de Bonneval*, and I withdrew in confuſion and deſpair. *After this cruel adventure Madam,* (proceeded *Neufville*) *Repentance for having offended you, and done ſo great an injury to* Buſſyes *friendſhip, threw me into ſuch deep affliction, that could I but tell one part of it,*

you

you would possibly have the generosity to pardon me. I came to Madam Bonnevals *with intent to beg it, you avoided seeing or speaking with me, and I am come hither to tell you all this.* 'Tis *my fault* (said *Bussy*, interrupting him) *I ought not to have requested you to take care of my concernes. I might easily have understood it, because what I feel in seeing you Madam* (said he, turning towards her with a look full of love and kindness) *must be likewise felt by others; Could* Neufville *answer otherwise then he did, when you spoke so kindly, let us forget his fault, and lament his misfortune; for my part I will never spy out in him any other qualities than those of a Friend, without ever remembring that he has been my rival, and that he may yet be so.* The *Mareshale* yielded to what *Bussy* had declared; his mind forgave *Neufville*, and permitted him to visit her: At this, one came for him from the Queen of *Navarre*, to whom *Byron* gave a Treat at the *Arsenal*. And *Bussy* and *Neufville* went together to the *Louvre*, and sometime after to the *Arsenal*, where Madam *de Bonneval* saw plainly that the *Mareshale* had discovered her Treacheries, as well by a biting reproach she made her as by the

the good intelligence ſhe obſerved between *Buſſy* and *Neufville*.

She eaſily allayed this misfortune with *Grillons* love, and that remedy ſeeming to her very ſweet and very pleaſant, ſhe took good care to apply it.

Buſſy was now free from all Melancholly, Trouble and Rivalſhip: He was in Love, he was Beloved; What could he more deſire? One great delight he yet wanted, which his Love made him hope for, and which he reſolved to obtain. On the other ſide, the *Mareſhale* had retrieved her Lover, ſhe loved him, and thoſe that Love can refuſe nothing.

During the Collation they ſpoke a thouſand things by looks, which their hearts underſtood; but, this is not enough for true Lovers, there are yet greater pleaſures; they had both the ſame impatience and the ſame deſires, and they were both perſwaded they ſhould find an infinite joy in their firſt Entertainment, and that then they ſhould find a recompence for the ſo many griefs they had endured by Suſpitions, Abſence, Anger, and ſuppoſed Infidelities: They wanted but opportunity to make them happy; but,

this

this happy opportunity came, and 'twas Love that brought it.

'Twas about this time *Madame* was to marry the King of *Navarre*, and nothing wanted but the arrival of a diſpenſation to compleat the affair. The Duke of *Guiſe* loved her, but ſhe anſwered not his Love again, and *Buſſy* was beloved without loving. He ſtill received ſome favourable glance from that Princeſs; ſhe bluſht when ever ſhe ſaw him, and he obſerved ſhe delighted to converſe with him. He knew himſelf in love, and doubted not her capable to be one day as much, he often ſhun'd her glances, and as often avoided her preſence. Thoſe that love truly, act thus, They are neither pleaſed, nor deſire any perſon but that they love. And 'twas this made *Buſſy* deſign to ſurpriſe the *Maraſhale* in her chamber, without letting her have notice. She was in a charming negligence, *Buſſy* ſaw her, and *Buſſy* was in love, and alone. Whence comes it, ſaid ſhe, That I have ſuch a kindneſs on my Spirit, and that all the motions of my Heart are ſo favourable to you? 'Tis becauſe you love me Madam, replyed he, and that you could not ſee me have ſo much love without following me in ſo

fair

fair a path. There is your queſtion decided, proceeded he, caſting at her glances full of Love and Eloquence, which ſo well expreſs what the Tongue is not able to utter.

But I have another more amorous queſtion to ask you, 'tis for your Wits, your Heart, and your Experience to reſolve ſuch difficulties, and the deciſion you ſhall give, is ſo important, that on it depends our happineſs.

Buſſy's Queſtion to the Lady *Mareſhale.*

That which I would know from you, Madam, is; Whether Love, that ingenious Artificer of the moſt voluptuous Delights, has nothing beyond Looks and Words. Some Pleaſures and Tranſports which may confirm the Thoughts I am in, that it conſiſts not only in the Sight and Diſcourſe.

The *Mareſhale* bluſht at the queſtion he would have her decide, but when her bluſhing and confuſion were ſuppreſſed by what ſhe inwardly felt, ſhe made this anſwer.

Beyond

Beyond Looks and Words to use your own terms, I find a confused mixture of impressment, Pleasure and Love. It is made up of all these——I know not well how to decide your question, proceeded she; *My Heart never learnt, what it has now told you: but I had it from a friend of mine, to whom all the delicacy of this passion was a familiar Virtue, and not from my self, who am less knowing and experienced then she.*

Madam, said *Bussy*, interrupting her, *Since your self know not whether the decision you have made, be just, let us essay by a sweet Tryal of our desires to find out a truth we cannot doubt of:* he ended these words with a kiss, she made at first some resistance, with design only to enflame his desires; but in the end, fearing to offend his kindness, she attempted to give *Bussy* an amorous and ready revenge for his kisses, and that she might not appear ingrateful, she returned them with usury, and neither the one nor the other would have the last kiss. The *Mareshales* Eyes were more sweet and languishing then usual, and seemed to invite *Bussy* to treat of the most endearing mysteries of *Love*, In this very moment her chastity began to yield

yield to the violences of her Lovers passion, but alas! can any one believe the cruel destiny of this amiable Person. Her Face was on a suddain painted with a Mortal colour, *Bussy* perceived it, and called *L'Hermite* to her assistance, but all remedies could be applyed were in vain, she died within an hour after in *Bussy*'s Arms. Her death was diversly spoken of, but when within three days after happened that of the Queen of *Navarre*, the perfumed Florentine Gloves were suspected, and in the clearing those suspitions, it was found that the Queen of *Navarre* had given a pair of those Gloves to the *Mareshale*. In so dismal an adventure *Bussy* could not leave the Body of the *Mareshale*, he lamented in so feeling a manner, that his sorrow seemed almost as grievous as the death of the *Mareshale*. He had lost the fairest Person in *France*, just at the point of being happy, his dispair was violent and lasting, but yet he died not; what he did we may hereafter tell you.

FINIS.